

# The Elks

*Magazine*

FEBRUARY, 1937

EASTERN EDITION







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## Joseph T. Fanning

### Past Grand Exalted Ruler

ON Christmas morning, December 25, 1936, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning died at his home in New York City.

Mr. Fanning was born in Preble County, Ohio, March 4, 1858. At the age of eleven years he removed with his parents to Indianapolis, Indiana, where he lived for 35 years. In July, 1904, he moved to New York City where he became associated with August Belmont and interested himself in many important corporations of financial and industrial character.

Although Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning was a resident of New York City for 32 years he still retained his membership in Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13, of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, being an honorary life member of that Lodge. A charter member at its institution March 20, 1881, he was an active, earnest, faith-

ful worker in his own Lodge, in his own State, in the Grand Lodge and in the Order at large. He made the Order of Elks, its welfare and its progress his life work, and for the last 30 years devoted his time exclusively to its activities.

He became a member of the Grand Lodge December 11, 1881, and since then attended all but a few of its sessions. The last Grand Lodge session at Los Angeles was his 56th Convention. He served in all of the subordinate capacities; as Exalted Ruler of his own Lodge; as the first District Deputy of his State; as a member of important committees of the Grand Lodge, and for four years as a member of the Board of Grand Trustees.

At the close of his term as Grand Trustee he was elected Grand Exalted Ruler by the unanimous vote of the Grand Lodge (Continued on page 48)





# The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT  
AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED  
STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE  
DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NA-  
TIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice,  
Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare  
and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken

the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate  
good fellowship. . . .”—From Preamble to the Con-  
stitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

Charles Spencer Hart  
Business Manager

JOSEPH T. FANNING  
Editor and Executive Director

J. J. A. McGuinness  
Comptroller

## FEBRUARY 1937

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The Elks Magazine. Volume 15, No. 9, February, 1937. Published monthly at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second class matter November 23, 1936, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dunellen, N. J. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year. For Canadian postage add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name and membership number; 2. Number of your Lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address; 5. Occupation or business. Please also notify your Lodge Secretary of change and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of change to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J., or the publication's executive offices, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first class mail. They will be handled with care but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.

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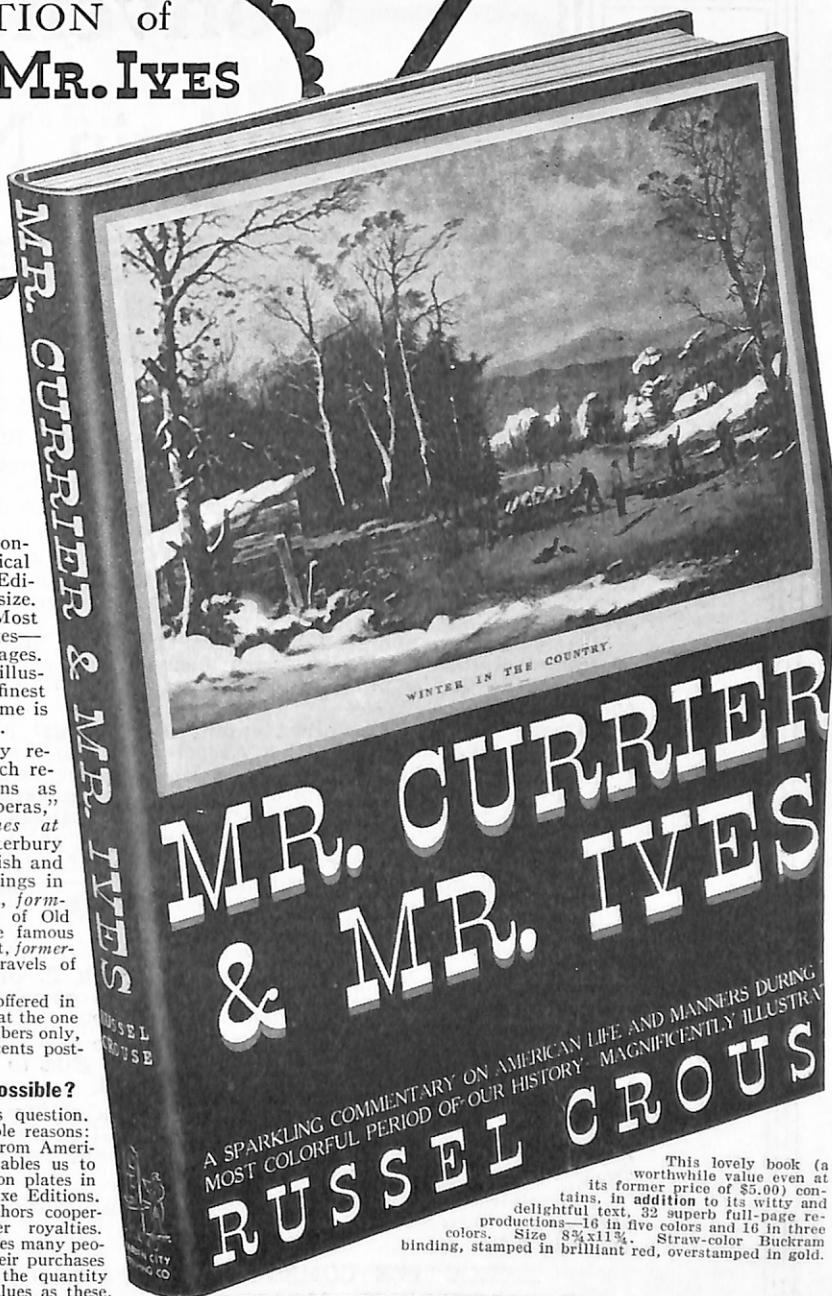
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# The Elks 73rd Convention Bulletin No. 1

## DENVER ELKS PRESENT NATIONAL CONVENTION BULLETIN NO. 1

With that enterprise so characteristic of the West, Denver, Colorado, the Elks Convention City for 1937, is well on its way with elaborate plans for the entertainment of the thousands of members of the "Antlered Herd" who will be in attendance at the 73rd National Reunion of the Order during the week of July 11.

Immediately upon conclusion of the Los Angeles Convention in 1936, Denver Lodge, No. 17, swung into action with the appointment of a strong committee of Past Exalted Rulers and representative citizens of the community to which was delegated the tremendous task of formulating a program and carrying to a successful conclusion what gives every indication of being the greatest gathering of the Order yet undertaken by any city.

The reputation achieved by Denver upon the occasions of the now historic Conventions of 1906 and 1914 is the best assurance that the "Mile High City" will leave nothing undone to make the forthcoming gathering an outstanding achievement in the realm of fraternal conclaves.

Cooperating to the fullest extent in the great undertaking are the 34 Lodges constituting the Colorado State Elks Association; the Wyoming and Nebraska Elks Associations; the Denver Convention and Tourist Bureau; the Denver Hotel Association; Rocky Mountain Motorists, Inc.; The State and Municipal governments; the great newspapers of the region, and a score of civic and service organizations.

Since Denver stands at the very threshold of that enchanted land "Where the West Begins," in the development of the program of entertainment the Executive Committee has been mindful of Western tradition and Western atmosphere and, as a climax to the gala Convention week, is arranging an epitome of the Great West unequaled in conception and unparalleled in spectacularism.

Featuring the "Parade of the States," the Grand Lodge Parade on Thursday, July 15, under the direction of Grand Esquire Joseph P. Shevlin, gives promise of eclipsing all former efforts. A preliminary survey would seem to indicate that every commonwealth in the Union will be represented by a gorgeous float.

Although Denver has more than adequate first-class hotel facilities, to care for any peak demand, the Executive Committee urges all Elks to make reservations as early as possible to insure that type of accommodations desired.

Through the splendid cooperation of Rocky Mountain Motorists, Inc., all those who contemplate motoring to the Convention will be furnished, without cost, upon application, comprehensive maps and full road information from their home cities to Denver and the Rocky Mountain wonderland.

Inquiries regarding housing or any other matter in connection with the Convention should be addressed to the Executive Director of the Reunion, 1401 California Street, Denver, Colo.

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ELKS 73RD NATIONAL REUNION, INC.

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# How to Get What John D. Rockefeller called:

**"THE HIGHEST-PRICED ABILITY UNDER THE SUN"**

**JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, SR.**, once said: "The ability to deal with people is as purchasable a commodity as sugar or coffee. And I will pay more for that ability than for any other under the sun."

Mind you!—he didn't say he would pay above all for *brains*, or *education*, or *skill*, or *experience*. And we all know what he has spent for those! No—the *one ability* he valued above **EVERYTHING ELSE** is knowing how to get along with *people*, make them like you, win them to your way of thinking!

Why should this ability command such a price as that? Is it so hard to acquire? *Up to NOW it has been!* Isn't there some college course that can *teach* this all-important ability? *No—to the best of our knowledge, there is none anywhere!* And, up to the present time, there had been no book that we know of which gave people the practical, how-to-do-it help they need.

But now at last such a book **HAS** been written. It tells you exactly how to develop this ability—*easily, quickly*, for every contact of your daily life. Whether you are a man or woman, executive or employee, in professional work or business.

## How This Book Grew

The book is called *How to Win Friends and Influence People*—and it is by the one man probably better qualified to write it than anyone else: Dale Carnegie.



## DALE CARNEGIE

Dale Carnegie is the man the men of business come to for practical instruction in getting along with people. During the last 24 years, he has trained more than 15,000 business and professional men and women—more than any other living man.

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Philadelphia Gas Works Co.  
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have had this training conducted in their own offices for executives. This new book grew out of this vast laboratory of experience—the first and only laboratory of its kind in existence.



**LOWELL THOMAS**  
Most Famous News Commentator in the World, says about Dale Carnegie:

"I have known him for 20 years. This man, by inspiring adults to blast out and smelt some of their hidden ores, has created one of the most significant movements in adult education. He is indeed a wizard in his special field."

Dale Carnegie is the man to whom over 15,000 business and professional men and women have come for practical guidance on getting along with people successfully. During the last 24 years he has trained some of the most famous people in the country, and he has trained their employees as well.

This new book has grown directly out of that vast laboratory of experience. It wasn't "written," in the usual sense of the word. It developed from the actual experiences of these thousands of adults whom Dale Carnegie has *already helped* straighten out the stiffest, most exasperating problems imaginable in dealing with people.

Do you ever have difficulty in getting along with others? Do they sometimes seem to "bristle" toward your manner, your suggestions, your requests? Does awkwardness or self-consciousness keep you from making a good impression on the very ones whose friendship you need and want most? Are you at times uncertain how to meet and "handle a situation" where tact and persuasion must be carefully employed? Is your business or social advancement being hampered because others are more often cool than cordial to you?

If your answer to any of these is Yes—then by all means let this book help you.

No other volume like it has ever been published before. Dale Carnegie wastes no time with theories. In plain English he tells you exactly what to do, and why. And his immensely practical yet simple method *works!* Not because he says it will. But because it *has been working*, with astonishing success, for people in all walks of life who have learned it direct from Mr. Carnegie himself.

As the above panel of typical chapters shows, *How to Win Friends and Influence People* gets right down to brass tacks. There are no "exercises" for you to practice, no "mental magic" for you to swallow. Dale Carnegie clearly tells you what to do, what to say, how and when and where. And he *guarantees* the results you are after, because they are the *proved* response of human beings to this *tested* method of human contact.

## You Needn't Take Our Word For It

Not a day passes without our receiving enthusiastic reports from readers of this book. Here are just a few, picked at random: One reader (name on request) says: "This book ought to be compulsory reading for every adult. It will do more to promote civilized contacts between human beings than all colleges, all courts, all jails, and most churches."

Another writes: "Reading this volume (I am going through it for the seventh time tonight) has the power to literally turn a man upside-down. If I had only read it ten years ago, what a host of friends I would now have—friends I have lost through self-centeredness and misunderstanding."

No wonder this book, with its remarkable result-getting directions, is sweeping America with the fervor of almost a new kind of religion! It is already selling 25,000 copies A WEEK—and is the fastest-selling book of non-fiction in America today!

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# The Affair at Dar-Mashrik

By Georges Surdez





*Kurt saw the sergeant standing still, the képi knocked from his head, blood streaming down his brow, the half-opened metal case in his hand.*

*Illustrated by  
Ronald McLeod*

WHEN he arrived at Dar-Mashrik, Corporal Kurt Walders was considered less an individual than a pawn in a strange and complicated game played by Sergeant Morsbronn, in command of the outpost, against First-Class Legionnaire Peyral. Under normal conditions, Kurt would have had some trouble with the men, as they were all older in actual age and most of them were decades older in general experience and suffering endured.

But conditions were not normal at the Blockhouse, a small structure of stone and cement on the crest of a high hill, one of the long line of minor fortifications strung through the mountains, plains and desert, crossing Morocco from the Atlantic Ocean to the Algerian border. More than forty men of the Foreign Legion were stationed there.

Two score human beings selected at random, herded together for several months in a small space and kept from outside contacts, would breed trouble at best.

When those beings are members of the French Foreign Legion, men of contrasting races and conflicting nationalities, reckless fellows who have proved themselves maladjusted in the civilian spheres, men a prey to peculiar mental quirks and obscure passions, the possibilities are multiplied endlessly. A series of minor incidents, each one magnified by the deadly monotony and absolute isolation—the nearest center was Tadla, seventy kilometers north—had pitted the garrison as a whole against the senior-sergeant and his orderly.

Strangely enough, that was precisely what Morsbronn had desired. From the moment when the column of troops had vanished in the distance, leaving the detachment in the newly constructed blockhouse, the sergeant had considered the garrison as a whole, sought for its weak spot, as a dentist probes for an exposed, sensitive nerve.

At the six o'clock muster of the second day, in the splendor of a September twilight, Morsbronn had faced the double line of khaki-garbed soldiers. He appeared very soldierly, tall, dark, his carefully clipped mustache black against his smooth face yellowed by a recent Indo-Chinese sojourn. He had found what he sought, the opening wedge, and smiled.

"Legionnaire Peyral?" he called, after the roll-call had been taken.

"Present!"

A Legionnaire left the ranks, strode forward four brisk strides, snapped his rifle to the salute. He was tall, spare. Everything about him revealed the veteran, the old soldier: the ease of manner, the fit of the uniform, the winding of the wide blue sash around his waist, the tilt of the small, red-topped képi on the side of his head. Grey hair showed in sharp contrast to his leathery, seamed cheeks. He wore medals and re-enlistment chevrons. He was confident and proud. At that moment, he probably expected a personal greeting, as the oldest man in the detachment. That was sometimes done by good leaders.

"You ducked the wood-gathering fatigue today," Morsbronn said, pleasantly, "I don't like shirkers. Two days in the jug."

There was complete silence, amazed silence. Then Peyral spoke.

"Sergeant, I'm Peyral, François Peyral, twenty-three years of—"

"You're a Legionnaire, that's all I want to know," Morsbronn gestured casually, "I don't like arguing. Make that four days." The sergeant's eyes twinkled, "I expect you to show us newcomers how gracefully the pre-War Legionnaire wielded the ordinary broom."

Men punished with prison were used as cleaners about the outpost. Peyral sought to control his voice, his face was red with rage and humiliation.

"For three years, Sergeant, no one has—"

"Six days," Morsbronn cut him short, with smiling weariness. "You and the rest had best learn at once who and what I am. A good natured fellow, but as tough as anyone wants him to be. Dismissed."

An order was an order. Peyral policed the yard, picked up scraps, twigs and cigarette-butts like a recruit. As he had tried to explain, he had been exempted from ordinary chores for three years. What was the Legion coming to if an old-timer had no privileges? Morsbronn had made a poor first impression.

Peyral, who had been an obscure private, known only for his age and his long-winded yarns when he was full of wine, became a martyr to a common cause. From one day to the next, he found himself looked upon as the Druid of the Legion Cult. Perhaps he was fitted for it, he had won his military medal in the dimly remembered days before the war, he had landed at the Dardanelles with the March Battalion, he had

fought at Verdun, had served in the Balkans, in Africa, in Asia. He was entitled to a pension any time he applied for it.

"The poor old guy, he's harmless enough," the general opinion decided, "Why did Morsbronn have to pick on him?"

The choice, although they could not know it, had been deliberate. Morsbronn was over thirty, marking time. Returned from Indo-China, he had expected a soft job, and had received this assignment instead. He had been a cavalry officer at one time, had had money, family, a place in normal life. He had been a kind man then, but the change in his existence had aroused latent sadism.

His only pleasure was the wielding of his authority within strict regulations, to oppress and torment those serving under his orders. He experienced a sort of bitter-sweet rapture in feeling the impotent hatred of many men. He was thrilled by their glances of hopeless rage. And he had decided that holding their hate in check would lessen the monotony of his enforced stay in the hills. His type is not rare anywhere.

He was satisfied that he had rattled the detachment. A less intelligent man might have been satisfied to crush Peyral with repeated blows. But Morsbronn was more refined. There was an experiment worthy of much thought during the dreary evenings. He would isolate Peyral.

It would be curious to find out how long it would be for all within post limits to notice that contact with the old Legionnaire meant unpleasant experiences. He took his time, and during the first week in October decided on his first target, one of his four colleagues in the detachment, Sergeant Ferrand. This noncom, a placid man of Belgian origin, had known Peyral many years, sought to protect him, to make life easy; on occasion, he invited him to his room for a drink. Morsbronn reprimanded him, reported him for 'undue familiarity with privates.' Ferrand manfully protested, was coaxed into a rash speech, menaces, and was transferred and demoted.

The men who played cards with Peyral, those who drank with him at the canteen, found small punishments raining upon them. Morsbronn took care to treat Peyral himself with absolute justice, allowing him all his rights but no privileges. Nevertheless, before the first snow fell on the hills, men started to shun the old chap. Morsbronn was elated.

"Instinct—" he mused, "instinct. They don't know what is happening, nor why, but instinct makes them avoid the source of contagion."

However, two or three men, perhaps less instinctive than the others, still frequented Peyral. Evidently, they had not connected their friendship with their days in the lockup, with their special fatigues. But they had become so cautious that even with the most meticulous attention, they could not be caught at fault.

Morsbronn faced the problem cheerfully. They had placed themselves out of reach of his official action. But he had another plan ready. He had taken for orderly a squat, massive German, Otto Hasstroffer.

Otto worshipped Morsbronn, who struck him frequently for his mistakes when they were alone, but supplied him with funds to drink his fill once a week. His ungainly, long-armed body was animated by a ferocious, unintelligent spirit, and he fought with the craftiness and endurance of an animal.

Without speaking openly, Morsbronn indicated that he did not like the behavior of this man, or that man. Otto would pick a quarrel, a fight would follow. Most often, Otto won. When he lost, the winner had suffered a lot of punishment.

During the winter months, when the deep snow prevented outside activities, when there was no escape from the quadrangle of walls, the outpost was a cold hell dominated by a two-headed monster, Morsbronn-Otto. Made nervous by pressure from above, deprived of all pleasures and most comforts, the Legionnaires quarreled among themselves.

There were three suicides and six desertions late in December. Such things are not unexpected during the Christmas season in the Legion, because homesickness becomes intensified. Nevertheless, the captain came over on inspection from the Principal Post, forty kilometers away, and felt that all was not well. The suicides had been buried, the deserters caught, two of them by native auxiliaries, which meant that the usual reward was paid for their mutilated corpses. The friendly tribesmen, of course, claimed to have found them already dead, slain by warriors from the hostile zone.

The captain made his report to the colonel, and that report was shelved with a marginal note by the regimental chief: "Human nature cannot be changed. Changing the post commander would be a poor precedent so long as actual changes cannot be made. By mid-winter, there ordinarily exists bad feeling in an isolated outpost. The best course is to allow the Legionnaires to work out their problem in their own fashion." The first days of Spring were greeted with happiness.

Supplies came over the trails as soon as they could be used, fresh food, fresh clothing, barrels of good wine. A small caravan of women visited Dar-Mashrik in its rounds of the outposts. The tension lessened, the whining of the wind in the barbed wire was less ghostly. Native prowlers from the dissident tribes were reported coming north, and after the weeks of white silence, even the taste of danger was a diversion.

Then eight new men arrived to replace the dead, the sick, the deserters. Some were from the training stations in Algeria, some had left the Sahara recently. Others had been serving with the Fourth Regiment, on the northern fringe of Mauritania. For a while, their coming brought relief, cleared the situation as a current of fresh water cools a murky pond.

In the new draft was Corporal Kurt Walders. He was down on the official records as twenty-two, but was obviously younger. He had enlisted under age. Two years of drilling, plain food, regular hours in the training battalion at Saida had changed him from a timid, red-cheeked lad to a lithe, muscular, tanned six







*He could not bring himself to crash the iron-shod butt on the wounded man's skull.*

footer. He was a handsome chap, blond and straight. But his expression was too gentle, his eyes were such a soft blue that they revealed lingering childishness.

He was ambitious, proud of his green wool chevrons, dreamed of obtaining the gold stripes of sergeant. He was so imbued with the importance of his station that although he used German in conversing with Morsbronn on casual topics, he shifted to French, a stiff, accented French, when speaking of matters of service. Kurt was thin skinned, sensitive, Morsbronn noted at once. He gave him a friendly interview, masked his real purpose with conventional advice—avoiding hard liquor, keeping up his studies, and continued: "You have education and intelligence. You cannot do without companionship, but be careful not to waste time with rowdy, ignorant louts. Find some old soldier who can give you useful tips—"

He might as well have pointed out Peyral. Kurt Walders was an excellent subject for Morsbronn's experiments, for he could be guaranteed to suffer deeply if he lost his precious chevrons. And he was certain to lose them, as he was 'bound to catch something from Peyral.'

Ordinarily, Kurt would have had a difficult beginning. He had never seen active service, had reaped those chevrons out of books, which stirred others to a vague, unavowed jealousy. Some of the Legionnaires made plans to put him through a toughening process. But Peyral intervened.

"He's a fine fellow, anxious to learn. Give him a break."

As taking Peyral's advice was opposing Morsbronn, the men agreed to this suggestion. The Legionnaires granted the new corporal (Continued on page 38)

**D**O you know that at one time in the history of the United States there was a duly constituted state in our Union known as Franklin? Perhaps you specialized in the study of American History, and consequently know this strange and unusual tale—but there are very few who do.

The story of the lost state of Franklin—the first community of native-born American freemen to establish an independent civil government west of the Alleghenies and to adopt a written constitution, is also the story of John Sevier, the man who saved Kentucky and Tennessee to the United States through his leadership and force of arms.

It is the saga of a man who is acknowledged the uncrowned king of the backwoods hinterland, a man who fought thirty-five battles with Indian tribes and won thirty-five victories. John Sevier was a man who in the brief compass of his lifetime was pioneer, patriot, one of the founders of the Republic, a veteran of the Revolutionary War and six times Governor of Tennessee. He was also Congressman for four terms, hero of the Battle of King's Mountain and the man who fashioned a great State in the wilderness west of the Allegheny Mountains.

**W**ASHINGTON dreamed of Western settlements but Sevier made them and not only made them but defended them against savage redskin and almost equally savage foreign enemies. And the land he conquered as a soldier he improved as a statesman.

Had he not acted on so small a stage far removed from public knowledge and applause, he would have been a world hero, a fit companion for the other tall men of the Tennessee country whom he preceded—Sam Houston, Jackson, Polk and Andrew Johnson.

Men like Daniel Boone were trail blazers but Sevier was an organizer and a state-maker. In the words

of his contemporary "Nature endowed him with qualities which cannot be kept from observation."

We shall see what those qualities were that led this cultured man to spend his life in the backwoods and in a career far from the busy centers of Eastern trade and culture.

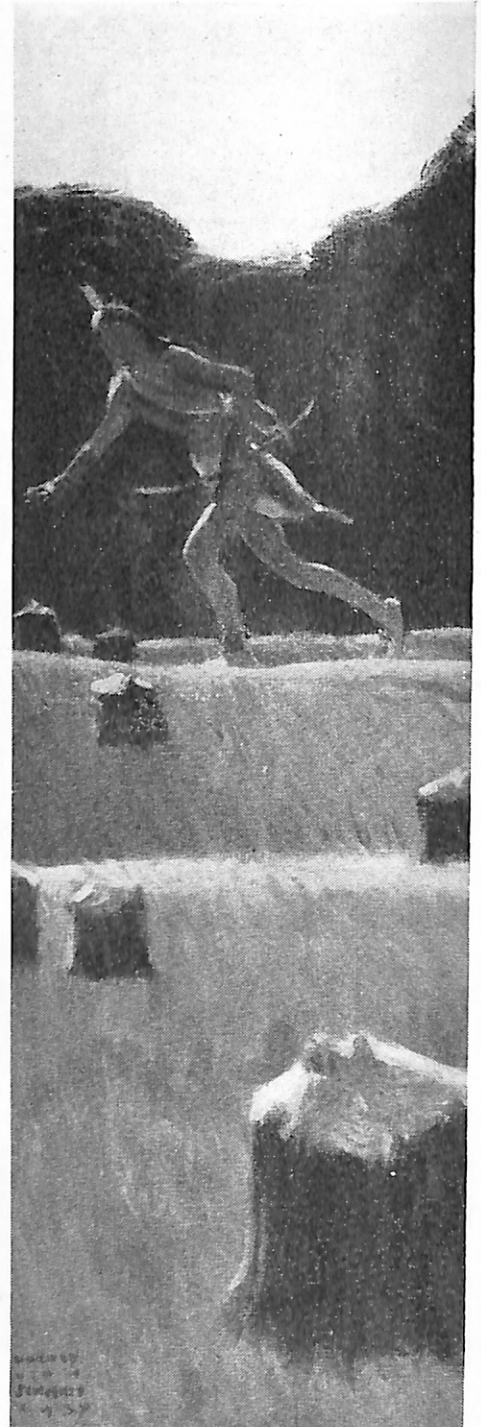
Gouverneur Morris lent himself to erroneous exaggeration when he wrote: "The busy marts of man, not the remote wilderness, is the proper school of political talent." No greater production of men of note is known than that which came from those Western settlements—men such as John Sevier and those who followed him.

**S**EVIER was a governing power on that Western slope of mountain that became the famed and little known state of Franklin—the lost fourteenth state—the most conspicuous example of separatism in history. This chevalier of the wilderness saved it a dozen times from destruction and failure; finally as a patriot he acceded to the wishes of recognized constitutional government and gave in, when at a word he could have been made dictator of this Western Empire, so great was the people's trust in him.

No man of equal talent and achievements has been so little noticed in American history. To the average reader of history Tennessee means two things, Jackson and part of the bloody battle ground of the Civil War. Few know the part that Sevier played in the development of this great section of our country.

Theodore Roosevelt knew. In one of his essays on American history he said of Sevier that he was much greater than George Rogers Clark "although the latter had more men with which to operate." Sevier was the "only commander who ever brought an Indian war of whatever length to an end, doing great damage to them and with little loss to himself."

The genesis of such a man must



# The Giant Who Stepped Over the Mountains

By Charles Spencer Hart

*Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt*





of necessity show the way that he was destined to travel, for among his forefathers was the great Catholic saint—St. Francis of Xavier.

The family in the fifteenth century stemmed from a noble Spanish heiress, Marie de Xavier de Azpiluetta, a niece and ward of the great Henry of Navarre, later King Henry Fourth of France. She married Juan de Jasse and, as was the custom in those times, the man took the wealthier woman's name of Xavier. The famed St. Francis and another son of the marriage named Valentine took the name of Xavier. The latter escaped the St. Bartholomew massacre and fled to England, changed the spelling of his name

to Sevier and married Mary Smith. Their children migrated to Baltimore, Maryland, and their descendants in turn finally settled in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia where John Sevier was born in 1745.

It is interesting to note that, as Governor of Tennessee, John Sevier entertained in his mansion in Knoxville the descendant of that ancient King of Navarre, Prince Louis Philippe.

IT is equally interesting to find that while ruling Franklin Sevier was offered the Governorship of the Spanish territory which lay in the valley of the Mississippi and the Tennessee. The Spaniards were on

*She could outrun, outjump and walk more gracefully than any other female in all the mountains, and she had abundant opportunity to prove her ability*

the verge of a treaty with the United States whereby the entire Mississippi was to be closed to Americans for twenty years; and Sevier in the opinion of the Spanish Government looked to be the logical man to govern this tremendous spread of territory which was still claimed as a dominion of Spain.

In 1760 we find Sevier starting a mild career as a farmer and small storekeeper in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. Considering his



*He used reckless daring in their presence*

ancestry he was bound to be of a roving disposition and for a time he gave vent to his restlessness by participating in raids on the Indian bands who infested the country pillaging stores and nearby farms. His Indian fighting started before he was sixteen. His plan, always followed thereafter, was one of aggression—not merely of defense. He early learned that offense was the best method of defense. He would burn and destroy every crop and tepee, forcing the redmen to move elsewhere for their headquarters and in each case further and further away from the whites. His exploits attracted the attention of the British Colonial authorities and eventually he became attached to Governor Lord Dunmore's staff. Marrying at sixteen, he still was loath to settle so turned his attention to the West

which challenged the imagination of the gallant younger generation of those days.

On the Western slope of the mountains of North Carolina a group of Virginians established a settlement, calling it Watauga. To this new land went John Sevier with a large family and some relatives, to "grow up with the country" and probably do a little land speculation also, as was the business of most emigrants of those days. After a time the settlements were called Washington territory and annexed to North Carolina.

Sevier deliberately chose the wilderness although he was a cultured man and could have been wealthy and socially prominent at home. But he was an ideally trained man for the job that was soon to come to him—that mythical but sometimes

real man—that "providential man" who always turns up at critical periods of history.

With the outbreak of the Revolution Sevier had not only the Indian depredations to repulse but his aid was also needed against the British. But the Indians kept his hands full until later in the war when he was able to strike a decisive and crippling blow at the British for the new nation. In the meantime, he ravaged the Indian tribes who came against the settlers from all directions.

His first wife having died, Sevier again married, this time a Miss Catharine Sherrill, whom he met in a typically Sevier-like manner. A contemporary of Miss Sherrill says that she could "outrun, outjump and walk more gracefully than any other

*(Continued on page 44)*



One blonde young singer who gets far too little notice in these pages is Benay Venuta, below, whose dynamic singing of popular music is now gracing WOR and the Mutual network. Miss Venuta, who has been featured by the other large networks and a couple of Broadway shows, was the first artist signed under Mutual's coast-to-coast expansion.

Maurice Seymour



Above, getting in a couple of hot licks are Fred Waring's featured "artists," Priscilla Lane and Johnny Davis, a sprightly pair whose praises have often been extolled by this Department.



Below is Shirley Lloyd, whose vocal achievements assist Ozzie Nelson and his band in presenting a midnight hour of good music.

Nelson Howard



Ray Lee Jackson

There is no need to introduce NBC's comedian, Jack Pearl, shown above with Cliff Hall.

National Studios  
Andy Sanella, above, has for years directed a dance band which claims a large and belligerently loyal following.



Right, Frank Forest, operatic tenor, who is kept busy doubling between Columbia's microphone and Paramount's camera.



# BROADCAST



Above, Gertrude Lawrence, who has taken New York by storm as the 1937 Glamour Girl because of the charm of her performances in "Tonight at 8:30," and Sebastian Shaw in Alexander Korda's film, "Men Are Not Gods," in which Miriam Hopkins stars. Miss Hopkins is one thing this Department cannot do without, even in British films.

Below, Henry Travers as "Grandpa" in the biggest hit on Broadway this year, "You Can't Take It With You." The comedy is one long roar, and will probably run until the Republicans go to Washington.



Left, Beatrice Lillie (the Funniest Living Woman) and Bert Lahr (funny, but not that funny) in "The Show Is On," the No. 1 musical show on Broadway. Good sets, good music, good cast and Miss Lillie.



Right are Henry Fonda, an actor who gains in professional stature with every performance, and Miss Sylvia Sidney, who has enough stature to last a lifetime. They appear together in "You Only Live Once," a film which belies the philosophic import of its title and portrays the indiscretions of a life of crime.

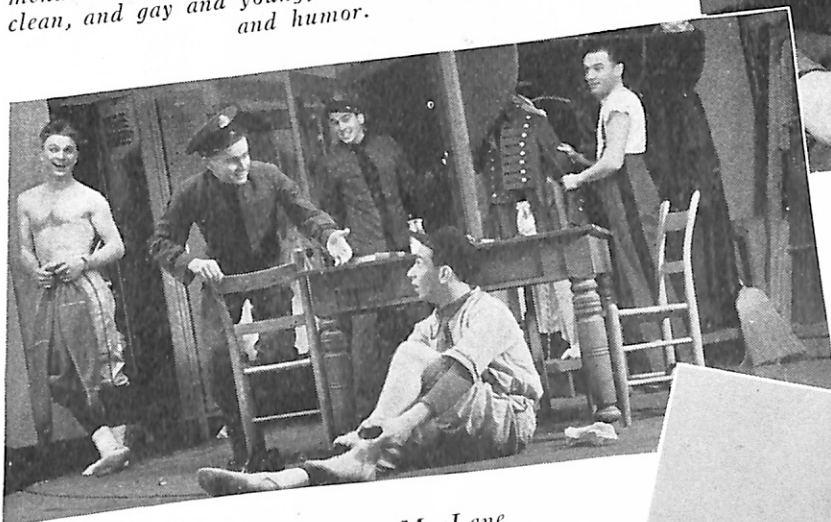
Left, Denis O'Dea, Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster in an emotional moment from the RKO film, "The Plough and the Stars."





# SHOW BUSINESS

Below, the fresh and unspoiled cast of "Brother Rat," a hilarious comedy of life and manners at Virginia Military Institute which we happily recommend to anyone who wants our opinion. It is clean, and gay and young, and acted with sureness and humor.



Below, George Brent and Barton MacLane in a he-man film called "God's Country and the Woman." Despite grave misgivings caused by the title, we found it a good, husky movie filmed in some beautiful Technicolor.



Above, Peggy Ashcroft and Burgess Meredith in Maxwell Anderson's comic fantasy, "High Tor." Meredith, who helped make Mr. Anderson's "Winterset" a great play in both the stage and film versions, proves once again that he comes out of the top drawer of American actors.

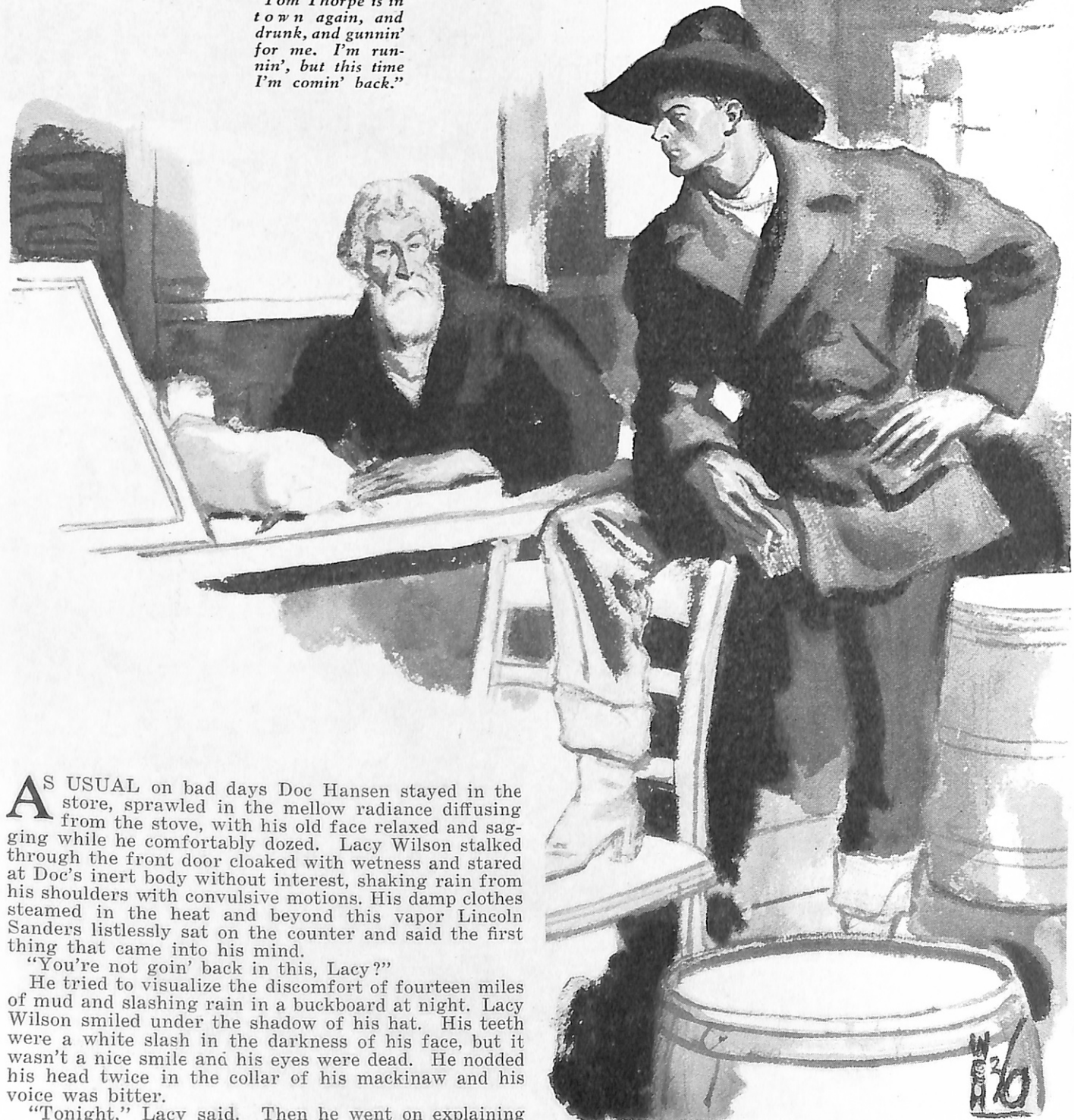


Above is the great tragedienne, Katharine Cornell, who vies with Miss Helen Hayes for the position of First Lady of the American Stage. Miss Cornell makes a fine try for the title in Maxwell Anderson's current poetic drama, "The Wingless Victory," in which she plays a Malay princess who is tragically betrayed by the white race.

# Show Down

By D. D. Beauchamp

*"Tom Thorpe is in town again, and drunk, and gunnin' for me. I'm runnin', but this time I'm comin' back."*



AS USUAL on bad days Doc Hansen stayed in the store, sprawled in the mellow radiance diffusing from the stove, with his old face relaxed and sagging while he comfortably dozed. Lacy Wilson stalked through the front door cloaked with wetness and stared at Doc's inert body without interest, shaking rain from his shoulders with convulsive motions. His damp clothes steamed in the heat and beyond this vapor Lincoln Sanders listlessly sat on the counter and said the first thing that came into his mind.

"You're not goin' back in this, Lacy?"

He tried to visualize the discomfort of fourteen miles of mud and slashing rain in a buckboard at night. Lacy Wilson smiled under the shadow of his hat. His teeth were a white slash in the darkness of his face, but it wasn't a nice smile and his eyes were dead. He nodded his head twice in the collar of his mackinaw and his voice was bitter.

"Tonight," Lacy said. Then he went on explaining



something. "This is four times, Link. Tom Thorpe is in town again, and drunk, and gunnin' for me. I'm runnin'; but this time I'm comin' back. Give me six pairs of wool socks and a sack of flour."

Smoke from a cigarette rose in distinct spirals over the stained fingers of his left hand. He threw one leg over the back of a chair and moodily squinted at the glowing belly of the cast iron stove. A kerosene lamp suspended from the ceiling gently moved in some draft and its swinging radiance briefly glowed, etching deep lines of worry in his brown face. There was no help for anything. Nothing could be done. His hands were tied for the time being and people could think what they wanted to. He was running away from a gun scrap, and running away was the unpardonable sin.

October rain dully thudded on the roof in a monotonous tumult and glistened, washing in great sheets down the windows in the front of the store. A damp spot on the ceiling extended, widening, dripping in an incessant, audible annoyance on the floor. This was too much sadness over a point of honor.

"So you're runnin'?" Lincoln Sanders said.

His voice was emotionless, not condemning. It was a mere statement of fact uncolored by opinion. But he was older and the point of view on anything changed with age. He pursed his lips thoughtfully, without sound, and patted the bag of flour on the counter.

Lacy Wilson said without turning, "Yes, runnin'..." Presently he added, speaking directly at the age-darkened beams of the ceiling, "There's some things you can't do without thinking. I'm a rancher, Link, not a gun slinger. Thorpe's got a reputation for bein' fast and I've got a wife and kid to take care of. I couldn't make up my mind before. I'm not scared..."

Link Sanders dug six pairs of socks out of a bunch on the shelves behind him, being totally absorbed in his movements, and threw them soundlessly on the counter. He was expected to say something, but whatever he would say would be of no help. Finally he agreed with Lacy.

"No, son, you're not scared." He moved behind the barrier of dark and polished wood, and his white hair shimmered in a diffusion of light. It was all pretty clear to him, but then he was getting old, he guessed. Courage wasn't paramount any more; and the crude remarks of a bunch of bar flies wouldn't bother him

now if he were sure of something within himself. If he knew he wasn't scared he wouldn't have to go out and prove it. He's been through the mill and things like that were all settled; but he couldn't enjoy his peace while events that concerned him were still taking place. Lacy was too young to get his values straight, and he liked Lacy.

"I'm not scared," Lacy Wilson repeated. "It's just... oh, what the hell..."

He made a gesture with his large hands, inverting them with the palms up and then dropping them at his sides.

"Son," Lincoln Sanders said, "you don't need to explain to me. Sometimes it takes more guts to run away from a fight than it does to stay and finish it. I'm right fond of Mary and the pup. She's got no relatives and she can't run that place alone. You got a good ranch, and a good wife, and a nice kid, and you're makin' money. Don't you go gettin' into trouble, son. Don't let this thing get too important."

Lacy Wilson said, "Thanks, Link."

But it would do no good, Link Sanders knew. Everybody wasn't old, and most people wouldn't get the angles right. This was important to Lacy. If a man ran he was yellow, and it was unpleasant having that said about you.

Lacy's face was puckered up in thought, drawn into fine lines in the light, bleak and cold. He absently swung one foot while he determined something.

Doc Hansen stirred gently dozing by the fire and opened one eye to say, "Hell of a night. I remember once in '86..."

Link said, "Shut up, Doc. We know you're the oldest inhabitant. You're three years older'n me. I don't remember... What'd you say, Lacy?"

"I said," Lacy Wilson deliberately drawled, "that some things can't go on forever. I've got some things to tend to. The stock has to be taken care of during the winter, and then there's some insur-



ance. . . . You tell Tom Thorpe for me that I'm comin' to town on Saturday and that I'm comin' smokin'. That'll be all; you put these things on the bill, Link."

"Sure," the old man said.

Protest rose in him, but he didn't speak. He could recognize finality and it would be just wasting breath. Lacy was young and couldn't see the facts in their true light, so why talk? Lacy would go stubbornly ahead and throw all he had away for some intangible satisfaction, and they could all feel sorry at his funeral; but it would be all right because Lacy Wilson had been brave. A wave of fine anger swept through Lincoln Sanders' mind at an unnecessary sacrifice. But Lacy would satisfy public opinion in his own way and it would do no good to talk against it.

"You got a tough night for travelin'," Link said.

Lacy Wilson said, "Yeah. The mud will be hip deep to a tall horse on the flats. So long."

He tucked the socks in a pocket of his coat and took the flour under one arm. His boot heels thumped rhythmically on the floor when he walked. The door whipped open in the wind, slammed behind him, and his tall form dissolved in streaming dusk.

"What is this, Link?" Doc Hansen said.

"Lacy whipped Thorpe four, five weeks ago at a schoolhouse dance for insultin' Mary. Thorpe's been after him ever since."

Doc Hansen said, "That's too bad," musing. "It's sorta like seein' a man sign his own death warrant. Lacy's a right nice boy and we'll plant him with his boots on up on the hill. Thorpe'll kill him. He's a right bad hombre to hear him tell it. This damn' country ain't civilized, Lincoln. Bein' a peace officer I could take Thorpe's gun offa him, but that wouldn't help Lacy any. They'd say he just run to me for help and that's a hell of a name to have in these parts. Especially since he's run away three, four times already. It's bad bein' called yellow when you're his age. With you and me, Lincoln, it don't matter. We're a couple of old fossils that'd be just as well off dead. But it matters to Lacy. I'd admire him for stayin' clear of Thorpe and mindin' his own affairs, but Lacy can't see that and you can't argue with a young whelp. That's too bad," he said regretfully.

He crossed his hands on his stomach and resigned himself to melancholy over this approaching violence. Visible sadness pervaded him for a short time, but he was tired and removed from it all. Radiant heat from the stove engulfed him and he drowsed peacefully over his vague problem.

He looked awfully old, Link Sanders saw. His cheeks were deeply lined and his features were pulpy in the dim light. And he was getting fat. That was a sure sign of age. Doc had been a good man in his day. Well, they were all getting ancient. That was something you couldn't avoid. The oldtimers were going and the new young men would replace them; and the new young men would be pretty much the same as the old ones had been. They would fight and roar about the things that were important when you were young.

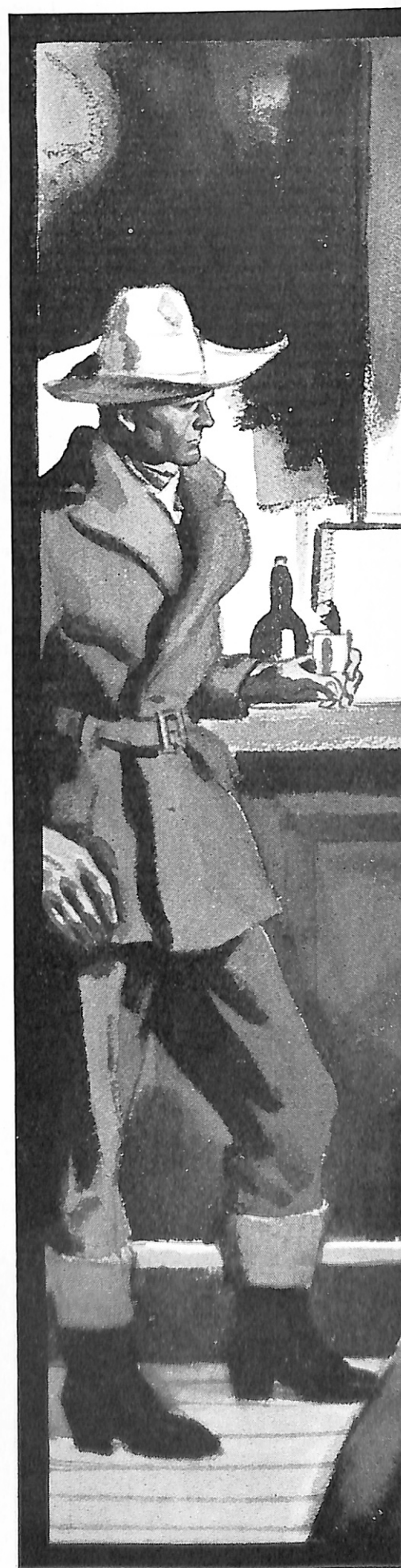
There was nothing much important any more when you were old, yet old age had its distinct compensations. That is, it should have had them. There was something nice in the contemplation of the idea of being contented, and comfortable, and detached. Except that you never quite attained the detachment. Your own problems were settled, but other people had problems. Like Lacy now. He liked Lacy; that was the trouble. And he liked Mary and the kid. And they were the ones that would suffer.

There should be some way he could help Lacy. He stared blindly at the shadowy room, thinking. Rain beat in a monotonous overtone on the roof, and Doc Hansen's wheezy breathing delicately cut through silence. Link Sanders' voice finally droned aloud as he talked utterly to himself.

"The most smoke usually comes from a badly built fire. There's not much tragedy in dyin' when you're old and I've been here and there. Lacy's a mighty fine boy.

*"I'm tired of hearing how bad you are. . . . I just elected myself a committee of one for the purpose of callin' your hand."*

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I wonder . . ."

Doc Hansen didn't stir at the sound of his words. Link Sanders' voice stopped and for a moment he felt completely old, and weary, and helpless. You didn't realize your age until you met up with some young cub who couldn't keep out of trouble, and then you knew you had lost step. He should be like Doc Hansen now, drowsing and indifferent. But he hated to see a young man waste himself on an idea. He'd been around and he knew people pretty well. There should be something he could do. There should be a weakness some place. His eyes were distantly blue while he thought and some half-formed decision was in his mind.

"Doc," Link Sanders said, "you couldn't make me a special deputy for a week, could you?"

Doc Hansen said, "Duly sworn," without opening his eyes. He was too comfortable to ask questions and it didn't matter.

Lincoln Sanders said, "Much obliged."

He was thoughtful again, but his unhappiness was almost gone. His idea was vague, but it would elaborate itself some way and he could deal himself in on the play. He wouldn't feel quite so old and useless then. Maybe you were never too old to stay out of a jam.

When he went home it was still raining. The street was a river of sloppy mud in front of him and water splashed in his face, falling brightly over the brim of his hat. He stepped up on the porch of the Club Saloon out of the storm while his fingers fumbled with the snaps on the collar of his slicker.

In front of him two men crossed the street in long, bounding leaps, their coats flapping with movement, and stopped on the porch to swear feelingly. The taller of the two men, recognizing Link, casually said, "You seen Lacy Wilson, Link?"

"He's gone," Link said.

Here it was, he thought, the way he'd known it would be; and he couldn't alibi Lacy in any way. That would only make it worse.

The tall man said, "He's run out, I guess. Thorpe's lookin' for him."

Link Sanders just stared at the man. This story would go all over town after being nicely embellished at bars. That Lacy's wife and child were important factors evidently didn't occur to the tall man. His attitude was mildly condemning. A person was free to avoid trouble if he wanted to, but it was definitely not the thing to do.

This was a man's code, Link Sanders bitterly thought. An exacting convention that forced a boy to get killed without an even break to satisfy it. The damp chilliness of late fall seized him and he shivered inside the slicker.

"Thorpe," the tall man was saying, "is bad. I wouldn't want any of him."

His voice ceased, and the shorter man glanced (Continued on page 36)





# Rocky Mountain Holiday

By Frank J. Taylor

*The volume of water that tumbles over the falls in Yellowstone National Park causes the nearby earth to tremble.*



IT was old Jim Bridger who first launched this Rocky Mountain holiday idea. More than a century has elapsed since the famous mountain man made his first trip from St. Louis to the Yellowstone where he was just about the number one white man to set eyes on the geysers, the bubbling paint pots and the boiling springs.

When Jim Bridger returned with tales of how he had caught fish in the icy streams of a region which the Indians called The Burning Mountains and had flopped them into nearby scalding springs to cook, of how he had seen geysers snort and spout steam and scalding water fifty feet into the air, everybody guffawed at the whoppers. After that Jim Bridger added to his repertoire and gave his listeners what they expected. He told them stories which make Baron Munchausen, Paul Bunyan and Caleb Catlum look like a bevy of gossips.

Jim Bridger started something new in American literature, and if all the whoppers told about the Rockies since his time were gathered together, they would make the greatest book of exaggerations in the world. Yet they would hardly do justice to the possibilities of a Rocky Mountain holiday, at that. This summer, when all good Elks foregather in Denver, they will find that out for themselves. Glamorous Denver is the gateway to the greatest area of amazing natural wonders on this or any other continent, as any Coloradan will tell you.

Right here it should be explained that practically all Coloradans are in a class with Jim Bridger and his ilk when it comes to enthusiastic accounts of the wonders of the Rockies. When you are planning a Rocky Mountain holiday, about the only thing that is worse than falling into the hands of a Coloradan is to fall into the hands of two Coloradans.

The reason for this is quite simple when you know colorful Colorado. The State straddles the Rockies, with the Continental Divide running down the middle from north to south. The Coloradans who live on the west side of the mountain, where the rivers flow off into the Pacific via the Gulf of California, say that you don't put foot into the real Colorado until you cross the Divide going west. As for the east-slope Coloradans, they have plenty to say to the opposite effect. So I give you both sides of the issue and you be the judge.

The east-slope Coloradans lead off with many glowing words for Denver, the capital of the state, vigorous, lusty metropolis of the whole Rocky Mountain area, majestically situated on a plateau a mile above sea level. Among other items, they may point out the U. S. Mint in Denver, located not far from the spot where Colorado gold was first discovered in about 1859. They may mention how that strike set off one of the greatest gold rushes, one that

is still going. They will tell you about the great and near great who have called Denver home, men like Buffalo Bill, Kit Carson, Eugene Field and others. They will tell you about silver, copper, iron and coal and oil that come from the eastern slope of Colorado, not to mention the sugar beets and the beef and mutton chops.

Where the east-slope Coloradan really hits his stride is the environs of Denver. Almost within hollering distance of the city are over a thousand mountain peaks pushing thirteen thousand feet or more into the clouds. Fifty-one of them are over 14,000 feet high. Colorado boasts the highest average elevation of any state in the country. The Denverites are exceedingly proud of these peaks and feel that they have staked a claim to some of the loftiest of them by reason of the chain of twenty-six recreation centers, known as the Denver Mountain Parks, all within easy motoring distance, operated by the city in the mountains. In addition, they'll tell you of Pike's Peak, famed 14,000-foot monument named for Captain Zebulon Pike, first American army officer to explore the Colorado country. In spite of its height, Pike's Peak is an easy trip, either by incline railway or by motor highway. Only eighty miles from Denver is lovely Estes Park, travel hub of Rocky Mountain National Park.

"What else is there on this side of the mountain?" you may ask as your east-slope Coloradan pauses for breath.

Whereupon he warms up to the subject of the Royal Gorge which you can motor across via the highest suspension bridge in the world, its span soaring 1,000 feet above the raging Arkansas river. He tells you of the fascinating rock formations of the Garden of the Gods, then of the courage of David H. Moffatt who pushed Moffatt Tunnel, longest railroad bore in the world, through the Rockies.

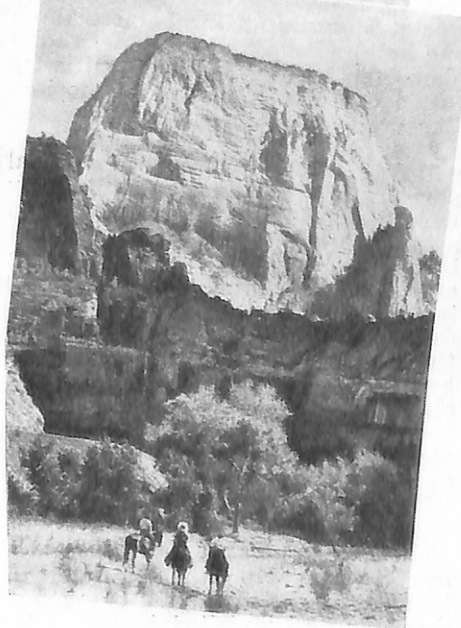
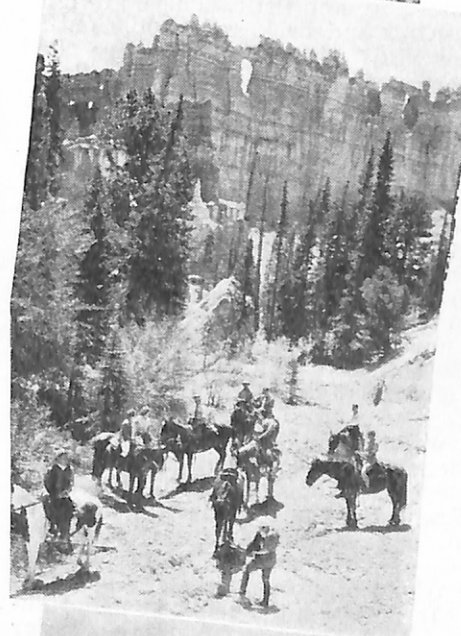
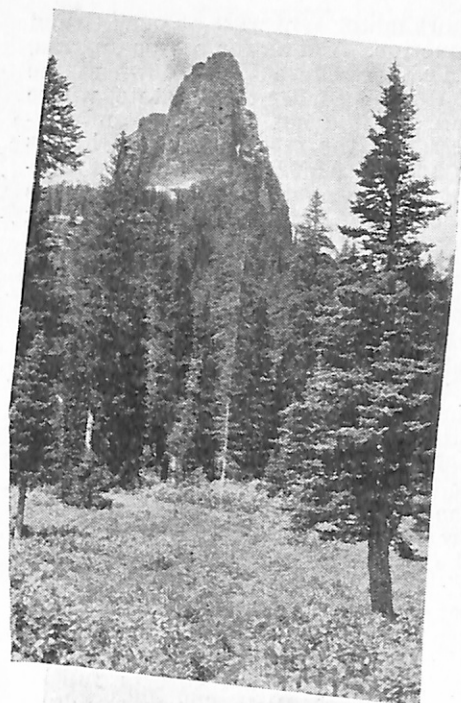
About this time your west-slope Coloradan cuts in.

"Wait a minute," he says, "the other portal of the Moffatt Tunnel is on the west side of the Continental Divide and that's where Colorado really begins!"

Before you know it, he has you out in Grand Junction, which may not be Denver in size or romantic background, but whose citizens are just as enthusiastic over the wonders of their Colorado, the Colorado of the Pacific slope. To match the Garden of the Gods they will give you Colorado National Monument, a

*At top, Pumpelly Pillar, in Glacier National Park; center, a group of dudes photographed against the beauty of Bryce Canyon, Utah; at bottom, the Great White Rock, in Zion National Park, Utah, soars upward in monumental majesty.*

*Photographs by Hileman and Union Pacific Railroad.*



short motor trip west of busy Grand Junction. And as for national parks, isn't there Mesa Verde down at the southwest corner of the state, where you can find not only cliffs and forests, but the fascinating cliff homes of ancient Americans who were skillful masons long before Columbus discovered America? In one great cavern 400 feet long, 80 feet deep and 80 feet high are the well built apartments of a thousand people. Who they were, whence they came, where they went, is one of the mysteries of archaeology.

"Come on down and help us figure that one out," invites your hospitable west-slope Coloradan.

Mountain peaks? Half of Colorado's loftiest crests are on top of the Rockies or on the west slope, aren't they? There is the Mount of the Holy Cross, 14,700 feet high, with its icy crucifix on display all year round. There is Grand Mesa, two miles above sea level, studded with 210 mountain lakes. There are fishing streams and forests full of game, big and little. There are dude ranches and pack and saddle outfits for trail riding. There are Red Gorge, Rouge Canyon and Waller National Monument and a host of other scenic centers.

About the time that the rival Coloradans have convinced you that the state can't be seen without visiting both sides of the Divide, you make another basic travel discovery, to wit, that even when you have covered both sides of Colorado you have only begun your Rocky Mountain holiday. Just over the line, but so close that both kinds of Coloradans consider them logical items in a convention excursion to Denver, are Yellowstone and the Grand Teton National Parks in Wyoming, Zion and Bryce National Parks in Utah and Grand Canyon in Arizona. They are all a part of the Rocky Mountain scene, as is likewise Glacier National Park in Montana.

It is a right strenuous undertaking to make a tour of the major Rocky Mountain National Parks on one holiday trip and any one who is planning the junket will find it wise to do some picking and choosing. The traveler who wants to see the entire chain all in one grand trip will do well to look into the national parks' air travel tours sponsored by United Air Lines. By plane you can make the rounds in a week or so, but by train or automobile it calls for a month of traveling unless a man bumps along like the two breathless, dusty motorists who dashed up to the entrance of Yellowstone one day, beckoned frantically to the ranger in charge and shouted:

"Hey, buddy, give us a Yellowstone windshield sticker, will you, so we can prove we've been here? We ain't got time to see the park."

Yellowstone, Grand Teton and Glacier National Parks fall quite naturally into a trip either by motor or train. For the maximum enjoyment they should be visited in the order

named, if possible. Incidentally, this is an outing that offers a man not only plenty of scenic and geographic refreshment, but also opportunity to fish, if he happens to be an angler. The streams and lakes of all three of these parks abound in gamey cutthroat trout and grayling.

Zion, Bryce and Grand Canyon Parks are another group to be visited on one trip. This is an out and out scenic feast in a country that is rich in gloriously colored and fantastically carved rock formations. The trip winds across a semi-desert region fascinating for its historic Mormon background. It is still an unspoiled western frontier.

It goes without saying that everyone attending the Denver Convention should make the side trip to Rocky Mountain National Park, since it is but a two-hour drive from Denver either by motor coach or private automobile. Mesa Verde Park is more of an effort, two days travel at least, but well worth it.

Now exactly what can you expect to enjoy in each of the major Rocky Mountain National Parks?

Rocky Mountain Park is the "high spot" of them all. There are 378 square miles of high country, much of it well above timberline. Longs Peak, its loftiest crest, is 14,255 feet high and, like several of the other fifty-one 14,000-foot peaks, can be conquered with the aid of a pack and saddle outfit. Almost a thousand horses are maintained in the park for trail riders who wish to explore the hundreds of miles of trails built by the government. Offhand you might say that the mountains are a poor place to practice horseback riding. Don't let inexperience keep you off a horse. These trail ponies know their way about and all you have to do is sit on the top deck and enjoy the scenery.

Even the lower regions of the park are 8,000 feet above the sea. Between this elevation and the windswept heights of Longs Peak is a region of alpine valleys, timberline forests, glaciers and lakes, breathtaking vistas and mountainsides carpeted with dazzling displays of wild flowers. Most of the trail trips originate in Estes Park, a lovely sheltered valley where you have a choice of some fifty hotels, lodges and camps.

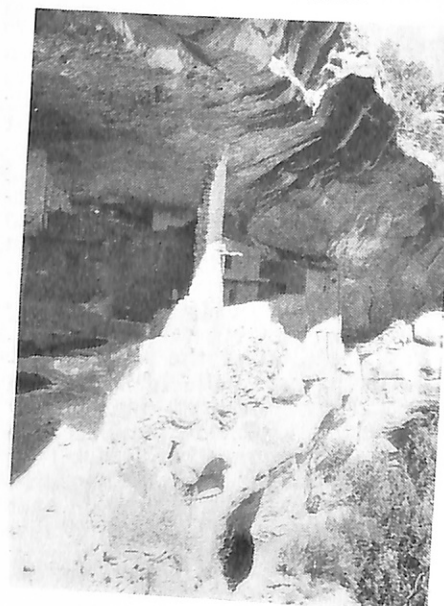
The lakes and streams of Rocky Mountain Park, as well as those in the rest of Colorado, are stocked with fish. So bring the rod. Likewise the camera, not only for scenic shots, but for that most elusive sport of all, snapshotting wild life, which includes bear, buffalo, deer, elk, mountain goat and sheep and scores of lesser animals. Protected by the government, the wild life has lost its fear of man. Any snapshotter who is patient enough to stalk his prey can get good pictures.

Yellowstone National Park lies mostly in Wyoming, but with fringes pushing over the line into Montana

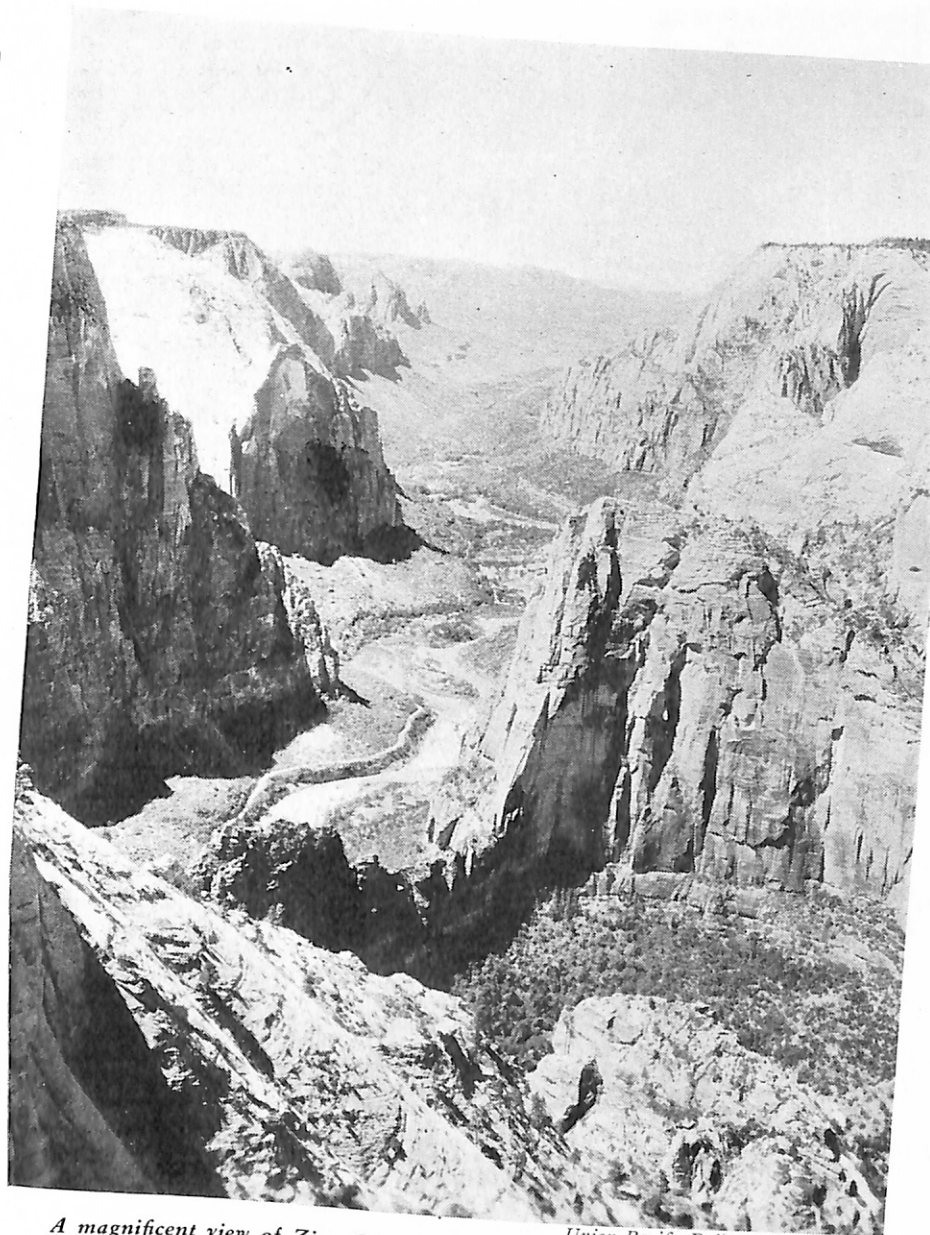


*Union Pacific Railroad Photographs*  
Above: Old Faithful, in Yellowstone National Park, spouts a mighty mushroom of steam one hundred and twenty feet in the air

Below: Prehistoric cliff-dweller ruins in Mesa Verde Park.



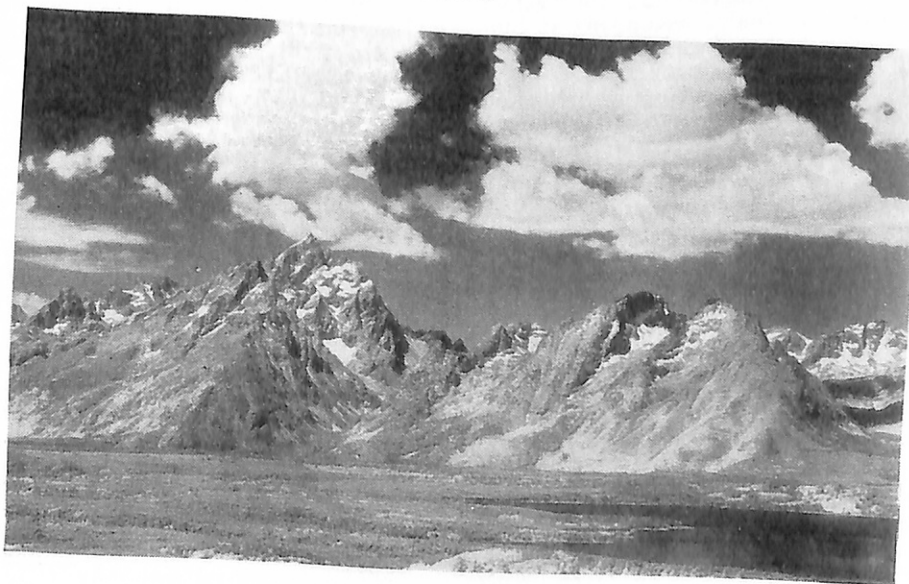




*A magnificent view of Zion Canyon National Park in Utah, which here gives a faint idea of the tremendous depth of the canyon.*

*Union Pacific Railroad Photographs*

*The Grand Tetons, solemn guardians of Grand Teton National Park, in Wyoming, hover protectingly over Jackson Hole, the former rendezvous of Western bad men.*



and Idaho is the largest of the chain. It includes an area of over two million acres and is larger than Delaware and Rhode Island together. In Yellowstone you will find grouped together more geysers, or hot water volcanoes, than can be found in all the rest of the world put together. Yellowstone is alive with volcanic activity in many forms. There are hundreds of seething, bubbling mud holes, resembling pots of paint. There are scores of clear, simmering pools, whose depths are green as jade. There are mammoth limestone cones and colorful terraces formed by the everlastingly bubbling hot springs. If you hanker to test old Jim Bridger's veracity, you can angle for trout in the Firehole River and flop your catch into a boiling pool to cook it.

Contrasting sharply with The Burning Mountains is placid Yellowstone Lake, with a hundred miles of shore line and over 88,000 acres of water surface, one of the largest mountain lakes of the country. Yellowstone has scores of smaller lakes and the rangers keep most of them well stocked with trout and grayling. At Fishing Bridge near the outlet of the Yellowstone Lake, more fish are caught each summer than at any other fresh water spot on earth, yet the supply is never exhausted.

A few miles below Fishing Bridge is the canyon of the Yellowstone, a dazzling mixture of red, pink, cream and golden hues. Its silent stillness is interrupted only by the roar of the two waterfalls and the foaming cascade down in the depths, and by the vents which hiss from the cliffs. Ospreys, with squirming fish in their talons, circle and swoop to their nests perched precariously on the topmost tips of slender natural minarets.

Quite aside from its amazing earthly activities, Yellowstone is fascinating in another way. It is hard to believe that The Burning Mountains are covered with many thousands of acres of primeval forests. The park is the greatest wild game sanctuary left by advancing civilization. Up in Lamar Canyon, if you are fortunate, you may see a buffalo stampede. With patience you may stalk and make movies of grizzlies, black bear, elk, moose, big horn mountain sheep, antelope, deer, wild swan, and geese and ducks. When you reach Yellowstone, talk with the ranger naturalist who, believe it or not, keeps a census of the wild life and knows where these denizens of the forest are to be found.

Yellowstone is crossed by a series of highways laid out in the form of a figure eight. Most of the travel goes counter clockwise. You can make the circuit in a day, but if you do you will miss a lot. The regular Yellowstone excursion is a four-day trip.

Grand Teton park is in reality a continuation of the Yellowstone reserve on the south. The Grand  
(Continued on page 54)

# What America Is Reading

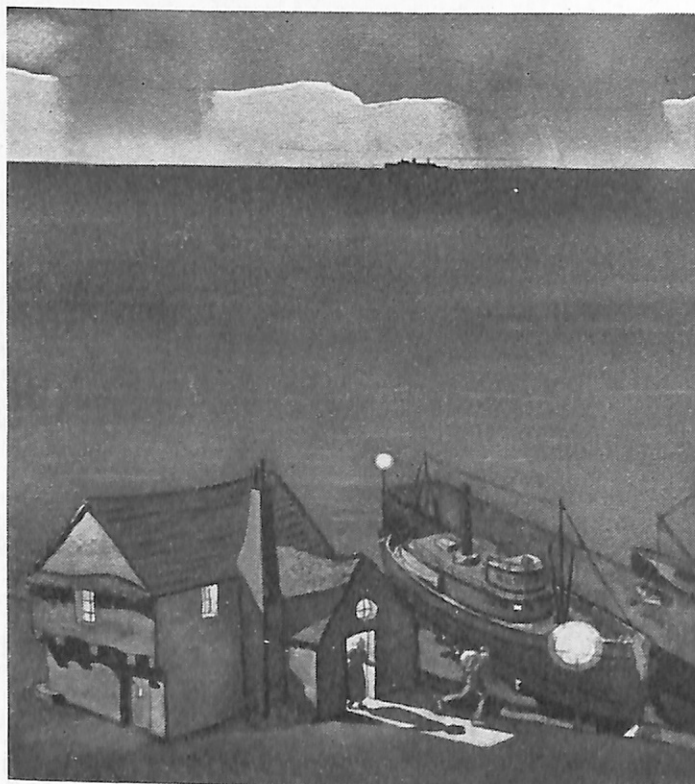
## Highlights in New Books

Reported by Harry Hansen

A FEW weeks ago I was answering questions at the end of a talk on new books when a woman asked: "How can I learn to read faster?" There are ways of speeding up your reading—for instance, by making a conscious effort to do so, timing your results as you go along—but it is not essential, for what counts is not the amount of reading you do but the fun or profit you get out of doing it. But what really interested me was her reason for asking. I inquired, and she replied: "I'm missing too many good things in books because I read slowly."

But even slow reading is fun, and the man who takes a month to read "Gone with the Wind" at odd times when he is free gets as much out of it as the man who gobbles up a thin detective mystery every other night. The desire to read more comes because the world is full of exciting books—for in an age when speed is an asset, even books have to be streamlined. The American public, which gets two good feature films (let's hope they're good), a comedy and a news reel in one sitting at the neighborhood movie house, wants stories that move along swiftly. They have to move to pull us away from all the other distractions; they have to hold our interest, so that we are not diverted by the daily newspaper, the radio, the waiting motor car and the playhouse—allurements, which call the American family in its leisure hours.

In the old days an author's name was as important as a name-plate of polished brass on a man's house. But today the story's the thing. I had never heard of Roger Vercel until I read "Salvage," (Harper & Bros.) but what a rattling good yarn it was! The stories written by John P. Marquand in other years would never have prepared me for his latest achievement, "The Late George Apley," a novel written in the form of a memoir of a Boston puritan, a book so truly a commentary on that American way of life which exalted family pride and re-



The book jacket for "Salvage", by Roger Vercel, published by Harper & Bros. (\$2.50). It was drawn by Wilkins.

straint that it must delight all those who enjoyed Santayana's "The Last Puritan." (Little, Brown & Co.) Slipping over into books of information and opinion, I confess that I had never heard of Dr. Alfred Einstein—Not Albert—but his "Short History of Music" was about as concise and compact a history of that subject as I had ever met—a book to be respected for its authority and discrimination. (Alfred A. Knopf) I repeat—today, the book's the thing—what it says and how it says it, and every author has a chance if he can talk straight to the reader without wasting his time.

In this article I have described half a dozen books that are worth the time of busy readers. But if you are interested in other types of reading don't hesitate to write and ask about them.

YOU remember Masefield's "dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack," loaded with pig-lead, firewood, iron-ware and cheap tin trays. And Kipling's mine-sweepers—"five damned trawlers with

their syreens blowing heading the whole review." Work ships, they were, without the glamor and fuss of a liner, yet doing work that has to be done.

You'll find another of their company in "Salvage," by Roger Vercel—the story of the Cyclone, a salvage tug of great strength, steaming out of Brest on days when the "S.O.S." crackled through the hurricane. What a fighting ship, and what a fighter was her captain, Renaud, who was on the job no matter what the weather. This is the story of a fight—a gigantic fight against the sea, against crooked sailors, against the inevitable wear and tear of living. A tale of men with stamina.

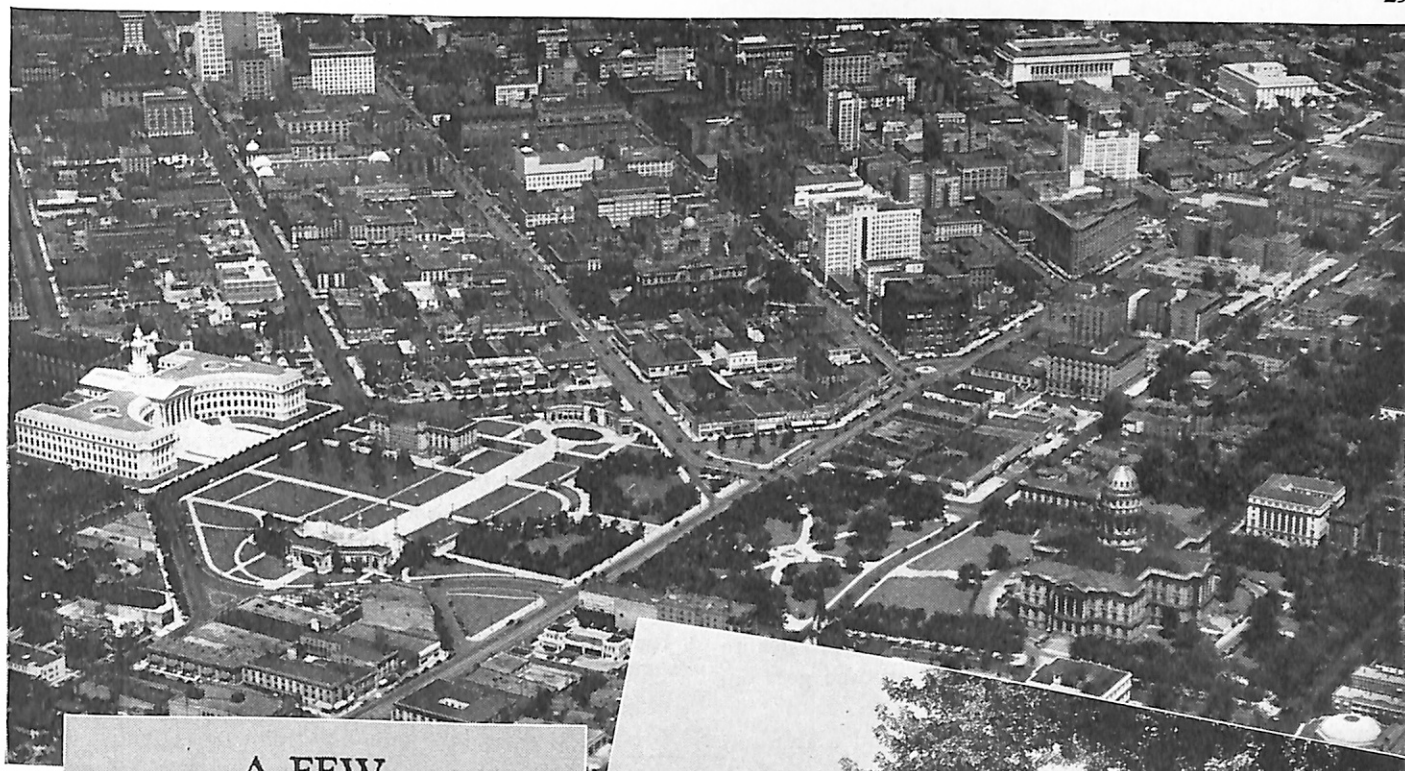
Renaud leaps to help the Alessandro, a Greek freighter tossing about somewhere off the French coast in the storm, and finds himself fighting not only the sea but the curious mentality of the men who don't know how to be saved. And behind, in Brest, his wife is fading away, Renaud's only prop in his warfare against the elements. Roger Vercel never loses sight of Renaud and what he does with the storm is enough to send us back to half a dozen other great writers on the sea. If you enjoy a real sea fight, this is it. (Harper & Bros. \$2.50.)

Just what have we to do with Catherine de' Medici? She lived from 1519 to 1589; a Florentine girl with no royal connections, she became the wife of one king of France, the mother of three, and regent during the minority of her sons. She instigated the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's day and there were eight civil wars in France during her life-time. And yet, what does that mean to us?

Read Ralph Roeder's fine biography, "Catherine de' Medici and the Lost Revolution," and you will see. She had to hold power at all costs and she stopped at nothing. In the name of religion she tried to suppress the Huguenots, only to make concessions when they forced her

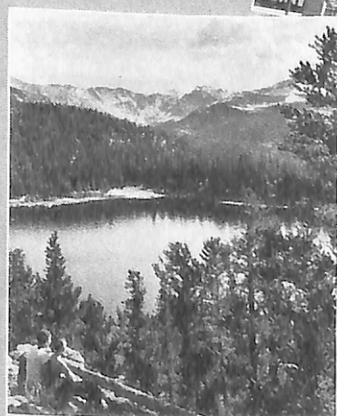
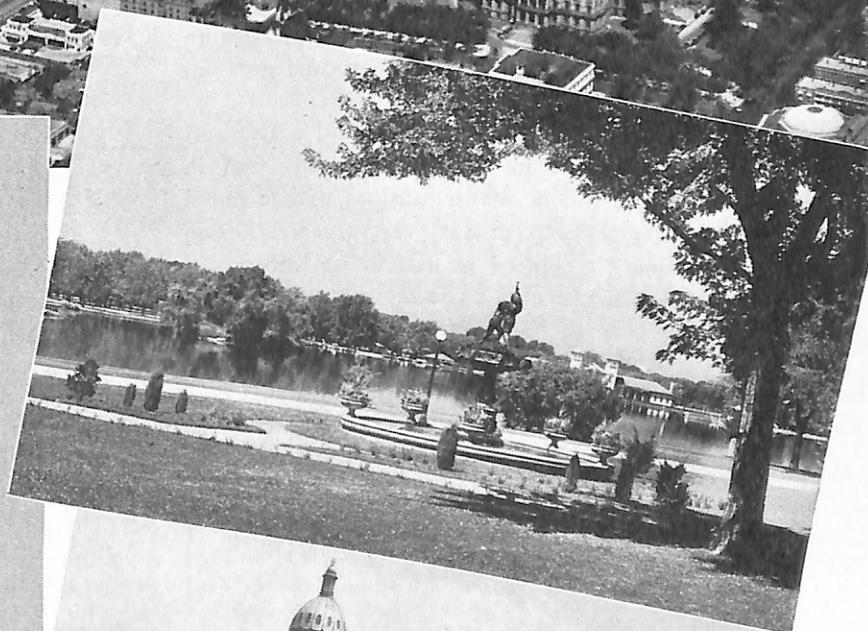
(Continued on page 50)





A FEW  
SNAPSHOTS  
AT RANDOM  
IN AND ABOUT  
DENVER,  
COLORADO—  
THE  
CONVENTION  
CITY, 1937

▼  
"Out Where the  
West Begins"



Photographs by C.  
L. McClure and  
Denver Commer-  
cial Photo Co.



# Editorial

## JOSEPH T. FANNING

**J**OSEPH T. FANNING was a giant among us and his passing calls for something more than a formal obituary notice.

With his death came an overwhelming sense of loss to our membership and the knowledge that, as time goes on, we shall appreciate his worth more fully.

He was a wise counselor, a great leader and a steadfast friend. He was a genius in bringing harmony and in eliminating dissension, and he made decisions with a moral and mental integrity which kept our great organization on an even keel in many troublous periods in its history.

Of the old school, he was ever a courteous, a gracious and a gentle man, but beneath it all was firmness and unalterable purpose when once his mind was made up on a course he thought was right. He had a remarkable memory and was a man of strong convictions and great moral courage.

He understood big and little persons and found time for all of them. He was just and fair. For three score years of contact with Elks throughout America he made thousands of friends and kept them to the last. He counted his friends the best of men; so found among the best of men his friends.

His rare qualities were invaluable in the councils of our fraternity for more than half a century. The good of the

Order was always his foremost consideration.

Fidelity was his motto and the motto of the station he filled so well.

In his leadership he furnished a lasting and noble example for those to whom he left the charge to "carry on".

We bid him good-bye.

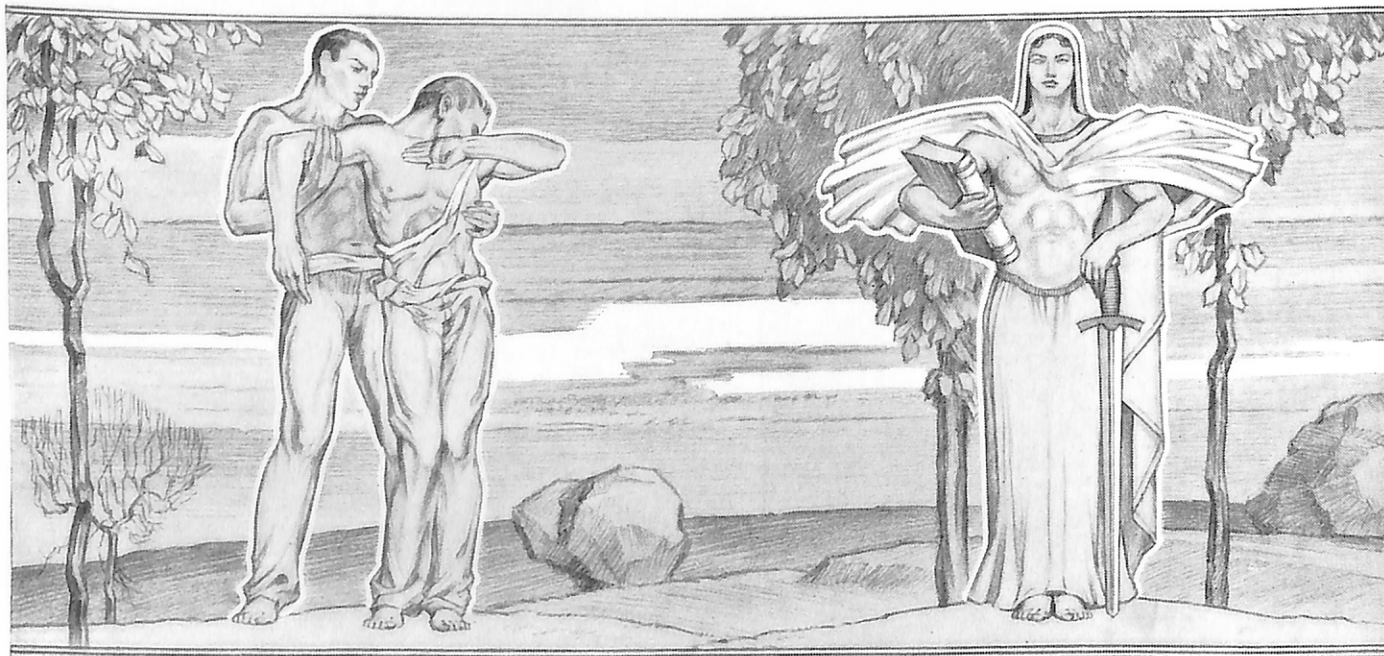
Let us find in our memory and our knowledge of him not lost courage but undiminished hope.

"He was a man, take him for all in all  
I shall not look upon his like again."

## ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION PRIZE AWARDS

**I**N the January issue of *The Elks Magazine* appeared an announcement of such importance to the Order at large that we wish to call attention to it again on our editorial pages. We refer to the offer of the Elks National Foundation Trustees of three cash prizes amounting to \$1,900, to be awarded to the most valuable students of the school year of 1936-37.

The purpose of the Foundation Trustees' offer is to encourage the students in our schools and colleges to strive for the attributes of leadership, distinguished citizenship and notable, scholarly attainment. The "Most Valuable Student" prizes are as follows: First prize, \$1,000; second prize, \$600; third prize, \$300.





In selecting the winners the Foundation Trustees consider character, scholarship, citizenship, exceptional courage, patriotism or service and any notable action or distinguished accomplishment. Any student in the senior or graduating class of a high or preparatory school, or in any undergraduate class of any recognized college, who is a resident within the jurisdiction of the Order, is eligible as a candidate for these awards.

The student who applies for these awards must present or have presented in his behalf an application in the form of a typewritten brief or prospectus setting forth all the data with supporting exhibits, including a recent picture of the applicant and a certificate signed by the Exalted Ruler and Secretary of the subordinate Lodge in the jurisdiction of which he is a resident.

The presentation must be made on or before May 1, 1937, to Chairman John F. Malley, 15 State Street, Boston, Mass., to whom all communications should be sent.

#### DENVER IS THE IDEAL CONVENTION CITY

**Y**OUR attention is specially called to what appears elsewhere in this issue regarding the next session of the Grand Lodge to be held in the City of Denver, celebrated for its incomparable summer climate and known as the Mile-High City. We met there in 1906 and again in 1914. Those who attended either or both of those sessions will recall Denver as an ideal convention city and will need nothing in addition to the lingering memory of those joyous days to arouse in them a desire to attend the Grand Lodge Session and Reunion next July. Those who were not thus privileged and especially those who have never been to the State which, by reason of its mountain scenery, is known as the Switzerland of America, should not fail to embrace this opportunity to combine at a minimum cost the congenial companionship of brother Elks and their families with a summer vacation in the Nation's playground.

Within easy reach of Denver over splendid highways are rolling prairies and rugged mountains with scenic attractions not to be found elsewhere in this or any other country. Beautiful cañons are traversed by clear, cold mountain

streams which tumble over rugged rocks as they lash themselves into "white water"—the *sine qua non* of every trout fisherman. Winding bridle paths and alluring trails are an ever-present invitation to those who seek an intimate acquaintance with the mountains.

Those who wish a less vigorous vacation will find tourist camps and mountain resorts with unsurpassed accommodations and comforts in picturesque settings which cannot be described. A writer years ago, despairing of his efforts to portray their scenic beauties, declared "they bankrupt the English language."

We have here stressed the vacation feature. In a subsequent issue we shall call attention to the importance of the Grand Lodge Session and to the Annual Reunion of Elks from every State in the Union and its territorial possessions.

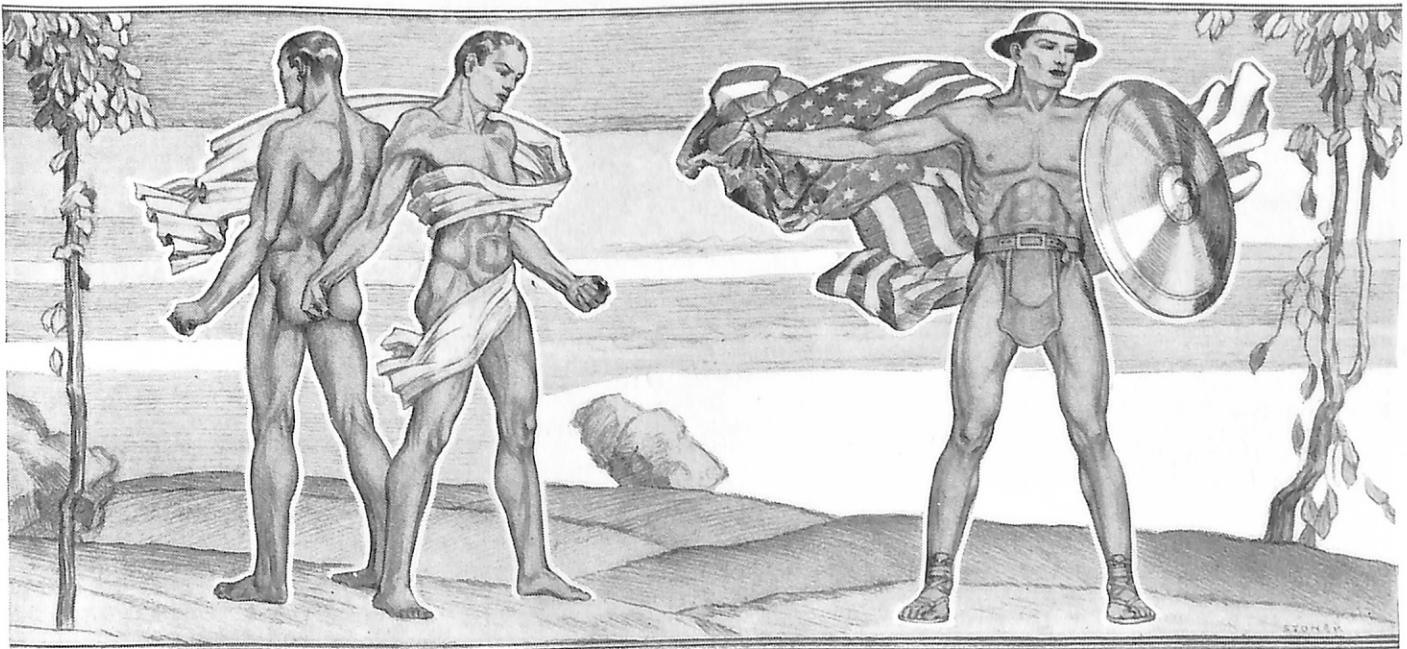
#### GIVE THEM A CHANCE

**I**N EVERY Lodge there is a number of its members who would really delight in being assigned to fraternal tasks; but who do not generally make that fact known. They do not offer themselves for elective offices nor seek committee appointments. They simply hope for a call to service.

It would be better, of course, if each member who wished to be active in Lodge affairs would advise the Exalted Ruler and express his preference for the character of work to be assigned to him.

His willingness would thus be made known and his peculiar qualifications could be weighed so that he might be most effectively employed. But human nature must be dealt with as it is. Very many men, from diffidence or modesty, do not press themselves upon official attention even to this extent.

But such available capacity should be sought out and put to work. There is plenty to be done. And every Exalted Ruler would do well to personally canvass his entire membership, to ascertain those who are thus eager for service. Such personal survey is the only effective way to do this; and it would materially enlarge the list of those upon whom he can most confidently call for active cooperation.



# UNDER THE Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

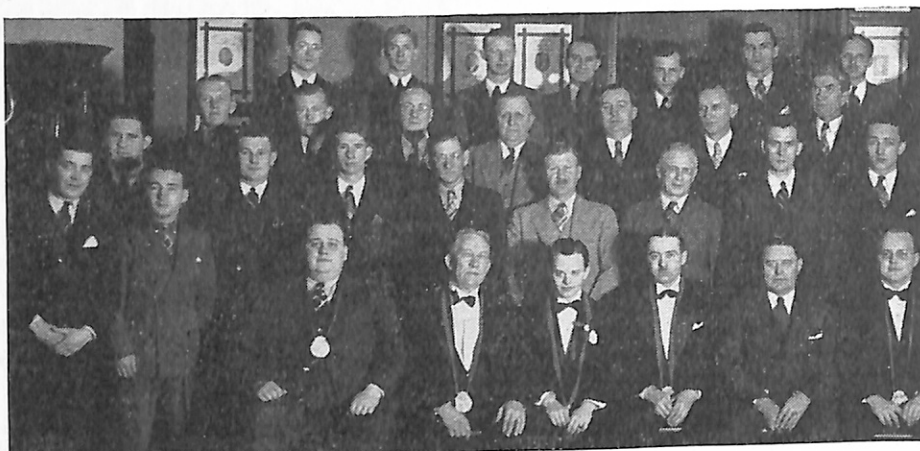
### *Literature Accessible to Blind Through Md., Del. and D. C. Elks Assn.*

Under a plan recently adopted by the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association, current literature in Braille will be provided for or made accessible to blind persons throughout the Association's jurisdiction. Subscriptions to the Braille edition of *The Reader's Digest*, published by the American Printing House for the Blind, have been offered free to institutions, libraries or individuals designated by the member Lodges in their respective communities. Several of the subscriptions will go directly to blind persons.

Among the other recipients are The National Library for the Blind, Washington, D. C.; The Delaware Commission for the Blind, Wilmington, Del.; Washington County Free Library, Hagerstown; the Cumber-

lanta to pay tribute to the late Colonel Walter P. Andrews, former Grand Exalted Ruler and long a leader in Elksdom. Among the distinguished guests at the impressive service were John S. McClelland,

*Below: Officers of  
Vincennes, Ind.,  
Lodge and a large  
class of candidates  
whom they recently  
initiated into the  
Lodge.*



*Above: One of two James T. Hallinan Classes recently initiated into Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge.*

land Public Library, and the Frederick County Library. Though proposed by the Association's Trustees as a Christmas gift for the blind, the plan has been so well received and has attracted such widespread attention that consideration is being given to its establishment on a permanent basis.

### *Georgia Elks Honor Memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews*

Elks of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, and their guests recently gathered at West View Cemetery in At-

lanta to pay tribute to the late Colonel Walter P. Andrews, former Grand Exalted Ruler and long a leader in Elksdom. Among the distinguished guests at the impressive service were John S. McClelland,

lanta to pay tribute to the late Colonel Walter P. Andrews, former Grand Exalted Ruler and long a leader in Elksdom. Among the distinguished guests at the impressive service were John S. McClelland,

### *P.D.D. John W. Dwyer, of Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, Dies*

Elks of the Canal Zone and in the States are mourning P.D.D. John W. Dwyer, P.E.R. of Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542, who succumbed to pneumonia on December 14 at the Samaritan Hospital, Colon. Mr. Dwyer was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1894 coming to the Canal Zone in 1918. He became Chief Clerk of the Commissary Division and one of the most esteemed government employees on the Isthmus. In his



work he was closely associated as Executive Assistant with P.D.D. A. W. Goulet, who is General Manager of the Commissary Division.

As an Elk Mr. Dwyer was known as a zealous worker and a man who sincerely lived up to the principles of the Order. He was beloved by the members of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, as well as those of his own Lodge. Elks on both sides of the Isthmus rendered full honors to their departed Past District Deputy, and special services were held by Cristobal Lodge. Officials and colleagues of the Commissary Division attended the funeral *en masse*.

Mr. Dwyer leaves his widow, Mrs. Grace Donovan Dwyer, a son, and two daughters. To his family, his fellow-members and his many friends *The Elks Magazine* extends its sincerest sympathy.



### Watertown, S. D., Elks Hold Memorial for Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning

Memorial services were held on Sunday, December 27, at 11 A.M., by Watertown, S. D., Lodge, No. 838, for Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Editor of *The Elks Magazine* and Secretary-Treasurer and Executive Director of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, who passed away on Christmas morning. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, of Watertown Lodge, gave the eulogy. The services were conducted by the officers of the Lodge, headed by E.R. Dr. H. G. Tarbell.

### Twelve New York Lodges Jointly Celebrate "Hallinan Day"

The 12 Lodges of the South Central District of New York at a joint session at the Home of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 852, recently witnessed the initiation of 125 candidates in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge James T. Hallinan. Every Lodge in the District brought its officers, members and candidates to Binghamton and joined in making the day one of the biggest in the history of that section.

The day's program began with bowling teams from various Lodges participating in match games. Fol-

lowing the tournament a reception was held for Judge Hallinan. In the afternoon P.E.R. Harry A. Rood, of Corning, N. Y., Lodge, called the meeting which was attended by 650 members of the several Lodges. The 12 Exalted Rulers of the Lodges present filled the chairs for the meeting.

Immediately after the meeting and initiation the members adjourned to the banquet hall for dinner, after which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan addressed the members and candidates, delivering an inspiring talk.

### 2nd Quarterly Meeting of N. J. State Elks Assn. Held at Weehawken

The second quarterly meeting of the N. J. State Elks Association, held in the Home of Weehawken Lodge, No. 1456, was attended by a crowd that taxed the capacity of the Lodge room. Pres. Arthur Scheffler presided. Eleven Past State Presidents were present. Among the distinguished visitors were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, Philip Clancy, Secy. N. Y. State Elks Assn., and James D. Moran, Secy. of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge. Judge Hallinan made a stirring address stressing the importance of high-class membership campaigns. After the meeting he attended, by special invitation, a conference of the Advising Committee of the Association.

Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the State Association's Crippled Chil-

dren Committee, announced the creation of a Federal government project establishing a special unit at Vineland, N. J., for the experimental treatment of cerebral birth palsy cases, to be known as the Babbitt Hospital. He also announced that the dedication of the physiotherapy pool for the treatment of infantile paralysis cases as a unit of the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children near Atlantic City, would take place shortly. The pool is said to be one of the finest in the world. It has been constructed as a joint PWA and New Jersey Elks project along the lines of the one at Warm Springs, Ga.

The third quarterly meeting of the Association will be held in the Home of Elizabeth Lodge, No. 289, on Sunday, March 14.

### Kalamazoo Elks Plan National Bowling Tournament

Predicting that the coming Elks National Bowling Tournament will be the largest in the history of the Elks' Bowling Association of America, the officers of the Association recently met with the officers and the bowling committee of Kalamazoo Lodge to make arrangements for the holding of the 20th Annual Tournament. The Tournament will be conducted under the auspices of Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, No. 50, this March and April.

In this event the Antlered kegelers representing many Elk Lodges from all sections of the United States will

(Continued on page 56)



Above: Presentation of the Trophy of last year's National Bowling Tournament to J. D. Morrison, E.R. of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, whose team won the Five-Man event.

Right: Hank Marino and Billy Sixty, winners of the Two-Man event.

Left: Buster Howarth who won the Individual event.



# Eastern EDITION

## This Section Contains Additional News of Eastern Lodges

### State Vice-Pres. and D.D. Honored at Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge

A double reception was held by Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1485, when David E. Livingston, D.D. for New York, S.E., and Dominick Guando, State Vice-Pres. for the S.E. District, paid official visits to the Lodge. Hempstead Elks turned out 200 strong to honor the two distinguished guests. For Mr. Guando it was a homecoming to his own Lodge from trips to other Lodges in the District. Mr. Livingston was accompanied by members of his home Lodge, Bronx, No. 871, headed by P.E.R. George B. Bley.

A dinner preceded the formal ceremonies held later in the Lodge room. It was attended by 100 members and their guests. E.R. Edward R. Schrader, who was Chairman of the Dinner Committee and presided at the meeting, extended an official greeting to the visitors. Presiding Supervisor A. Holly Patterson and Mayor George M. Estabrook spoke at the dinner.

Both the Vice-President and the District Deputy were given an ovation in the Lodge room, and each spoke briefly. An initiation was held during the meeting.

Among the many Elk dignitaries present were State Secy. Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls Lodge; P.D.D.'s Matthew J. Merritt, Queens Borough Lodge, Judge Peter Stephen Beck, Freeport, Gustav H. Papenmeyer, Hempstead, and Michael A. Petroccia, Glen Cove; Past State Vice-Pres. Herbert R. Ninesling, Great Neck; E.R.'s Joseph Meyers, Lynbrook, Joseph T. Schaeffer, Patchogue, and Vincent C. Ellis, Glen Cove, and P.E.R. George I. Hall, Lynbrook.

### Waycross, Ga., Lodge Receives District Deputy

D.D. H. B. Roberts, of Albany, Ga., Lodge, congratulated the membership of Waycross, Ga., Lodge, No. 369, upon the splendid showing of the Lodge when he paid his official visit. The James T. Hallinan

Class of 13 members was initiated during the meeting. Mr. Roberts and Samuel Fraley were seated with E.R. R. Sam Monroe, who presided. Frank B. McDonald, a prominent Georgia Elk, delivered an address eulogizing the late Lloyd C. Warren, who had been a faithful member of Waycross Lodge for over 25 years.

### D.D. Keyes Pays Visit to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge

On behalf of the New York East District, D.D. Daniel M. Keyes was given a gold watch on the occasion of his homecoming visit to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275. The gift was presented by P.D.D. John P. Doyle, Mayor of Mount Kisco. Mr. Keyes also received a set of tuxedo studs from County Judge Flannery on behalf of the District Deputy's father, as well as a traveling bag from Mrs. Keyes which was given to him by Philip A. Mylod. A dinner was served prior to the reception. Many distinguished Elks from surrounding Lodges were present to honor Mr. Keyes.

### D.D. Alting's Homecoming Celebrated by Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge

Back home with his own Lodge and accorded one of the finest receptions he had ever enjoyed, Myron C. Alting, D.D. for the East Central District of New York State, made his official visit to Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645, recently. A banquet was served with many present and past officers of the District and State, and visiting dignitaries attending. Following a social period the dinner guests, numbering more than 80 persons, proceeded to the Lodge Home where a Lodge session was held. Many distinguished members of the Order spoke.

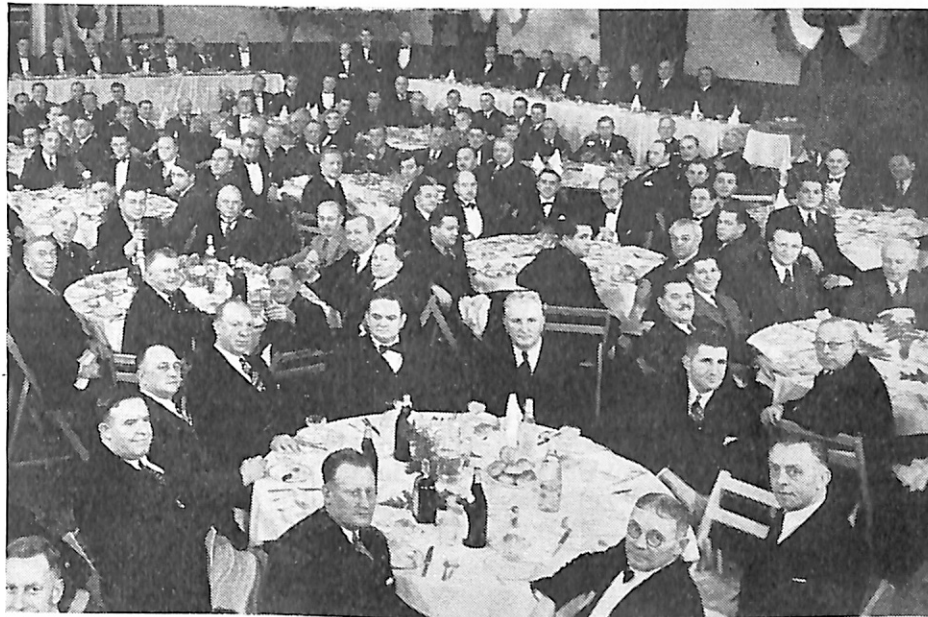
### Plainfield, N. J., Elks Give Testimonial Dinner to D.D. Harding

Plainfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 885, turned out *en masse* recently when the Lodge honored one of its most popular Past Exalted Rulers, Louis R. Harding, who was appointed by the Grand Exalted Ruler to serve as District Deputy for the New Jersey Central District, comprising 16 Lodges, during 1936-37. A testimonial dinner and musical entertainment were given by the Lodge for its distinguished member, following the regular semi-monthly meeting.

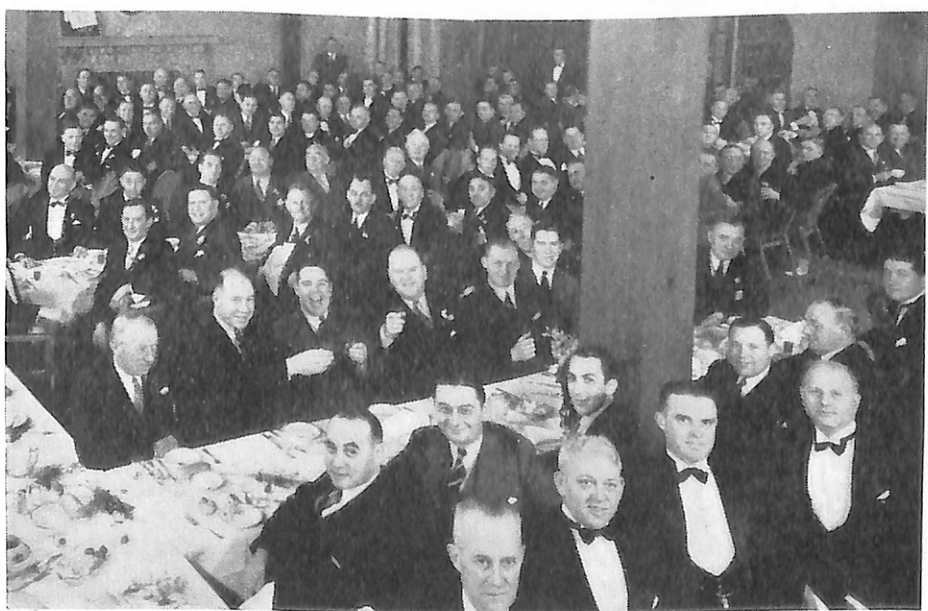
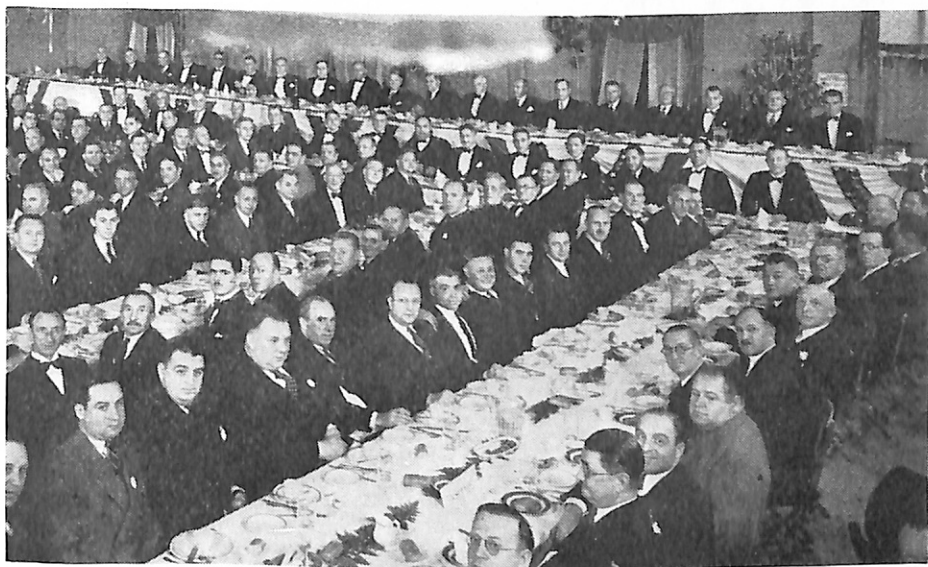


Speeches of felicitation were made by prominent local and visiting members of the Order and responded to by Mr. Harding. Among the speakers were Past State Pres. John





Below are three important Eastern Elk banquets held recently: top, that tendered by Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge to P.E.R. Sydney A. Syme on his appointment as Supreme Court Judge; center: A banquet given by Freeport, N. Y., Lodge to Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, and bottom, a dinner given for Governor Sholtz by White Plains, N. Y., Lodge.



H. Cose and P.E.R. George L. Feaster, both of Plainfield Lodge. E.R. John F. Goodwin, introduced by Chairman of the Dinner Committee John Winans, acted as Toast-

master.

P.D.D. Frank L. Ten Broeck, Asbury Park; State Vice-Pres. Charles H. Maurer, Dunellen, Past State Vice-Pres. Harold W. Swallow,

Bound Brook; E.R.'s John J. Albiez, Union, W. M. Allen, Perth Amboy, George H. Gordon, New Brunswick, and James A. G. Klein, Dunellen, and P.E.R. Lewis W. Bellis, Plainfield Lodge, now of Somerville, were among those who attended.

#### *Twenty Candidates Initiated by New Kensington, Pa., Lodge*

The ceremonies of initiation were exemplified in the induction into New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512, of a class of 20 candidates. During the meeting a eulogy on the late Dennis A. Reeser, P.E.R., was delivered by Past State Pres. M. F. Horne.

At 9:30 members joined their ladies in the dining room where a turkey banquet was served. More than 400 Elks and their friends attended the affair. The class honored Judge James T. Hallinan, Past Grand Exalted Ruler.

#### *Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge Mourns Exalted Ruler*

Nearly 150 Elks, most of them members of Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1477, attended the funeral services for Bernard J. MacEvoy who was the Exalted Ruler of Bergenfield Lodge. Mr. MacEvoy died suddenly of pneumonia early in December. He was initiated into No. 1477 in November, 1930, and since that time had been a prominent member of the Crippled Children's Committee of the Lodge. He was elected Exalted Ruler last April after serving in the other chairs and was signally honored at his induction by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan as one of the youngest men ever to hold the office of Exalted Ruler.

Solemn requiem mass was said for Mr. MacEvoy at St. John's Church. The Elks service was conducted by P.E.R.'s James F. Foy and James F. Carroll.

#### *Sanford Degree Team Initiates Class for Augusta, Me., Lodge*

On the night of the initiation of its James T. Hallinan Class, which included the Hon. Lewis O. Barrows, then Governor-elect, Augusta, Me., Lodge, No. 964, had among its guests Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Lester C. Ayer, of Portland, Me., Lodge. A banquet was served to about 200 local and visiting Elks. Lodges all over the State were represented. The Degree Team of Sanford, Me., Lodge, No. 1470, headed by E.R. Joseph L. Brown, performed

the ritualistic work. The Team at that time was leading in the State contest. Thanatopsis was rendered impressively by P.D.D. Clarence H. Thyng of Sanford Lodge.

The Committees of Augusta Lodge are working enthusiastically and receiving gratifying cooperation from the membership. A nice sum for charity work was realized from its Thanksgiving Raffle. A large crowd was present and a buffet lunch was served.

#### **Dedication of New Home of Hudson, N. Y., Lodge**

Over 500 local and visiting Elks were present on Sunday, Nov. 15, when the new Home of Hudson, N. Y., Lodge, No. 787, was dedicated by P.E.R. Michael J. Degnan, D.D. for New York, N.E. The new structure replaces the old one that was destroyed by fire. Before the dedication a flag-raising took place in the Hudson public park, the gift being made to the city by the Lodge to commemorate this important event in its history.

The dedication ceremonies closed with a banquet at which Mr. Degnan was Toastmaster. The gathering was addressed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, of New York Lodge, No. 1, and State Secy. Philip Clancy, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge.

#### **Lambertville, N. J., Lodge Honors P.E.R. A. J. Skinner**

Lambertville, N. J., Lodge, No. 1070, paid tribute to P.E.R. Arthur J. Skinner when he made his official homecoming visit as Vice-Pres., South, of the N. J. State Elks Assn. A dinner, given at the Cartwheel Inn before the Lodge meeting, was attended by a number of Mr. Skinner's friends who came from points throughout the District.

In recognition of his services to the Lodge and to the State Association, Mr. Skinner was presented with an honorary life membership card. The presentation speech was made by P.E.R. Joseph A. Leary, D.D. Frank M. Traveline, Jr., of Camden Lodge, and P.D.D.'s Charles R. Tomlin, Bridgeton, and Howard F. Lewis, Burlington, also spoke.

#### **Albion, N. Y., Lodge Welcomes D. D. Tonnies**

Albion, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1006, recently received D.D. Joseph H. Tonnies, Jr., of Buffalo Lodge, No. 23, with a welcoming gesture of a class of 10 candidates and one reinstatement. In the class were three brothers, the sons of John L. Craddock. As another son is already a member of No. 1006, Albion Lodge boasts a total of five Craddocks on its membership rolls. A feature of the evening was the speech made by Mr. Tonnies. Other talks were given by P.D.D.'s John B. Bordwell, member of the Grand Lodge State Asso-

ciations Committee, and P.E.R. Leon H. Gilbert. A large attendance enjoyed the meeting.

#### **P.E.R. Joseph H. Wendel, of Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge, Succumbs**

Members of Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1478, were deeply saddened by the recent death of P.E.R. Joseph H. Wendel who was greatly loved and respected by his fellow Elks. The Past Exalted Rulers of Lancaster Lodge conducted with solemnity the services of the Order at the grave.

#### **Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge Entertains Twelve Hundred at Charity Ball**

Attendance at the annual Charity Ball which Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge,

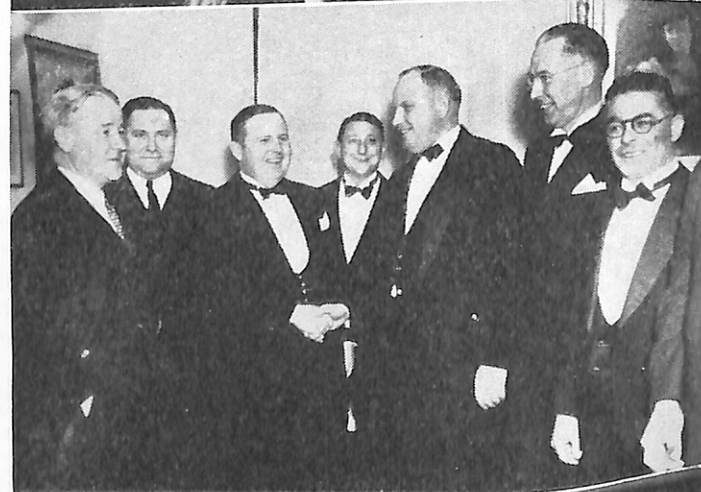
No. 269, held recently was the best in six years, with more than 600 couples participating. Although an accurate report was incomplete when this item was received, it was estimated that the net profit for charity would be in the neighborhood of \$500. Most of this went into the Elks Christmas Basket Fund.

Through the instrument of their Charity Ball members of Bluefield Lodge foster their own Christmas program of brightening cheerless homes. Their benefactions are not confined to Bluefield, but extend to all places embraced by the Lodge's membership. Baskets are distributed in Welch, Pocahontas, Princeton and various other communities.

*Right: Among those present at the institution of the new Lodge at Decatur, Ga.; E.R. S. L. Threadgill, Grand Trustee John S. McClelland, Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz and District Deputy Charles G. Bruce.*



*Right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz, State Pres. Dr. Leo W. Roohan and other distinguished Elks snapped at a recent visit to Hempstead, N. Y., lodge.*



*The James T. Hallinan Class, initiated into Augusta, Me., Lodge by the degree team of Sanford, Me., Lodge.*







# A Message

from the

## GRAND EXALTED RULER

MY BROTHERS:

Elkdom is growing bigger and better each month. During the month of February leave no stone unturned to make the Grand Exalted Ruler's Anniversary Class the greatest yet. As long as we are Elks, let's be good Elks. Let us together make Elkdom the most powerful force for better cities, states and country than ever in our history of sixty-nine years. Elkdom is a part of our country. It was born in the first one hundred years of the existence of our nation and we have linked the destiny of our Order with the destiny of our country.

Get that relative, that friend, that son, that neighbor and assist in his initiation or re-instatement this month.

Yours cordially and fraternally,

David Sholtz  
*Grand Exalted Ruler*



# Many Subordinate Lodges Play Santa Claus at Christmas

**T**HROUGHOUT the Order many Lodges made Christmas a happier time for hundreds of thousands of persons in the United States with their Christmas activities. An account of a few of the events held appears below:

At the annual Christmas Basket Fund party of Saginaw, Mich., Lodge, No. 47, a tidy sum was realized through the banquet which drew some 300 diners. Gerald Walker, Detroit Tiger outfielder; Harry Heilman, Detroit radio broadcaster, and Hubby Walker, of the Cincinnati Reds, were the magnets of the evening. After the raffling of four baseballs had started the fund, a variety of entertainment features swelled the intake to make it certain that the Elks would be able to take care of as many needy families as is their annual custom.

A Christmas party was given at the Vine Theatre on December 19th by Mt. Vernon, Ohio, Lodge, No. 140, for children of the grade schools of the vicinity. Two thousand tickets were issued to the motion picture, "Earthworm Tractor," and two thousand candy bars were required to accommodate the wants of all the children.

**A**T the Home of Davenport, Ia., Lodge, No. 298, the Salvation Army fed 225 men at a Christmas dinner. In addition, they passed out baskets to more than 100 families. The dinner was served by the Salvation Army in conjunction with the Elks.

Great Neck, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1543, distributed 150 Christmas baskets to the needy of its locality. Each basket contained a ten-pound turkey, cranberries, coffee, tea, sugar, butter, potatoes, turnips, onions, candy, nuts and bread.

The annual Christmas party for the poor children of Murphysboro, Ill., was held in the Home of Murphysboro Lodge, No. 572, on Christmas Eve. During the afternoon a theatre party was given the children, after which they were brought to the Lodge Home and presented with toys, fruit, candy and nuts.

A most successful party for the children of Greenville, Miss., was held on the lawn of the Home of Greenville Lodge, No. 148. A tree 40 feet high, decorated with 125 electric bulbs, was raised. On Christmas Eve every child in the city between the ages of three and ten was given a Christmas present. One thousand toys and 1,000 bags of fruit were distributed. The pro-

ceeds for the party were raised through popular subscription from members of the Lodge, not one penny of the Lodge fund being used.

Another highly successful party was that given by the Elks of Springfield, Ill., Lodge, No. 158, when the crippled children of St. John's Sanitarium enjoyed the annual affair given for them. Santa Claus accompanied the Crippled Children's Committee of the Lodge to the Sanitarium to distribute the gifts, shaking hands with each child, and wishing them well. Group singing and stories assisted in entertaining the children in the big reception room. The Elks Committee provides

constant care for many of the poor children who are inmates at the Hospital, a large part of the money for this work being provided by the annual Golden Gloves boxing tournament.

**T**HE 16th annual Christmas party given by the Elks Lodge, No. 19, the Masons and the Knights of Columbus of Hartford, Conn., in the Hartford Lodge Home was a festive occasion. Two hundred boys and girls of the Newington Home for Crippled Children and the Children's Village, accompanied by nurses and attendants, arrived in the early fore-

*Right: A few of the 1700 children entertained by Grants Pass, Ore., Lodge on December 18. Funds were raised by a very successful smoker*



*Right: Members of Winona, Minn., Lodge who packed and distributed 133 Christmas boxes to those they knew were in want*



*Right: \$1,000 worth of food which went into the Christmas Baskets delivered to the needy by the generous Elks of Medford, Ore., Lodge. Two hundred Xmas boxes were delivered*

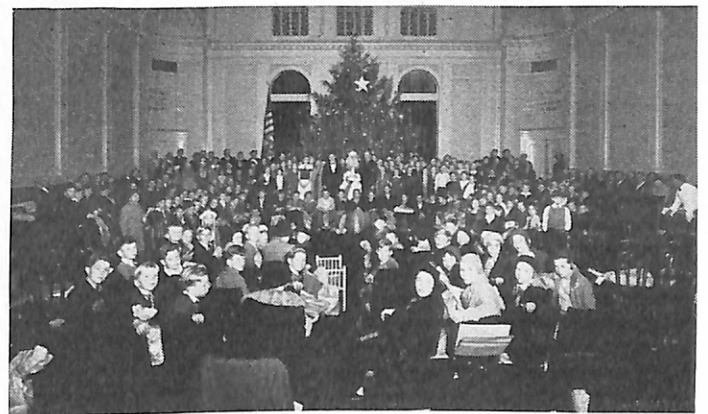




*Below: Battle Creek, Mich., Elks filling Christmas baskets for the needy. Each basket weighed 75 pounds*



*Below: Open-hearted members of Stevens Point, Wis., Lodge packing Christmas baskets for the local poor*



*Above: 600 bushels of food given to those who were without a Christmas dinner by Detroit, Mich., Lodge*

*Above: Three hundred orphans who were entertained at a Christmas party by Pasadena, Calif., Lodge*

noon. Mayor T. J. Spellacy extended the city's greetings. The entertainment began with the showing of a Shirley Temple film and was followed by a concert. A roast turkey dinner with all the fixings was enjoyed by the children. "Big Ed" Walsh, of the Chicago White Sox, was dressed as Santa Claus and distributed gifts to each child.

Nearly 1,000 children were treated by Connellsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 503, when 1,000 half-pound boxes of candy were distributed to them. Not only candy, but an orange, an apple and a popcorn ball apiece were given away. The gifts were presented after a program of Christmas carols was sung, and music by an orchestra, with acrobatic entertainment and interpretive dances, was enjoyed.

Through the never-failing generosity of Ontario, Calif., Lodge, No. 1419, 225 West End children, for whom Christmas would otherwise have been a drab affair, were given a good portion of holiday joy. One hundred and fifty-five were entertained at a gala party at the Lodge Home, while 70 made merry in the court room of Judge James Sharp. A Christmas reading and dances were among the entertainment features at the Home, while each young guest received a charming gift, as well as a bag containing candy, nuts and an apple. The Elks

also distributed Christmas boxes to needy families in the Guasti district. At Judge Sharp's party the children were entertained by a tap dance and a hill-billy number, an accordion solo and humorous readings. Gifts and good things to eat were given away.

On Christmas morning the members of Baton Rouge, La., Lodge, No. 490, delivered 240 baskets of food to the poor and needy families. The practise has been continued by the local Elks for some 30 years, funds to pay for the food being supplied by popular subscription among the members.

THE distribution of a ton of candies, nuts and oranges to 1,700 children is an extraordinary achievement. The members of Grants Pass, Ore., Lodge, No. 1584, accomplished this feat when they entertained children of Josephine County in the Armory and amused them with the same features they themselves had enjoyed at their Christmas Smoker.

Due to the large attendance, the program for Caldwell, Ida., Lodge's annual party for needy children was changed so that one group was entertained in the afternoon and the other in the early evening. The guests were welcomed by E.R. S. Ben Dunlap. A marionette show was a popular feature. More than 800 sacks of candy

and nuts were distributed to the children as they filed out of the building, and many well filled baskets found their way to needy families, making a happier and far brighter Christmas for all.



*Several youngsters and Santa Claus at the Christmas Party given by Montclair, N. J., Lodge*



Lacy Wilson

up at him questioningly. Noting the glance, the tall man added, being modestly courageous, "But I'm no good at runnin'."

That sounded good. Talk, Link thought. Talk is cheap. I wonder what would really happen?

He had his own ideas, but they were purely supposition and would prove nothing. He was old and he could recognize things. He contemplated this. He stared at the mud and felt distant and aloof in his judgment; but the small man was apparently satisfied with his companion's bravery. He looked up at him with a new respect.

Words can do this, Link thought. Words can command respect and attention if you use 'em right and don't mind lyin'. You talk up your own shots and everybody'll listen and believe you. With words you can be almost anything. It's like runnin' a bluff in a stud game. It's all right if you don't get called. . . .

Rain drummed on wooden sidewalks in front of him and a vague idea grew in Link Sanders' mind. It was an old rule that you fought fire with fire. He smiled thinly in the growing darkness.

"I've never run," the tall man said.

Lincoln Sanders said, "Gun throwers. . . . Reminds me of one time down in the Jackson Hole country. That was in '75, I guess, maybe later. . . ."

That got him started. He talked on, his drawl riding over the rolling beat of the rain. He'd make it good, Link decided. Give 'em both barrels.

He said, "This country was tough enough at one time and I've seen 'em come and go. Wild Bill Hickock, and Pat Garrett, and Billy the Kid. They stood out, of course, from the regular run of things, but there were others, and they were bad enough, bein' that way more or less from necessity, since you usually had to settle your own arguments and there was only one way of settlin' them definitely. Many's the gent I've seen 'em carry up on boot hill and plant

# Show Down

(Continued from page 19)

without the benefit of any preacher, expressin' any sympathy they happened to be feelin' by writin' on his tombstone or whatever was handy, 'This jasper was slow with his gun.' Hell, this country was wild once. . . ."

The tall man said, "The Jackson Hole country . . ." prompting him.

Lincoln Sanders said, "Oh, that time. . . . I should 'a' known better, I suppose. Checkin' a cinch hand may be good poker, but it's bad manners in some circles. This hombre stood up and started goin' for his equalizer before I could get out of the chair. I kicked the table over and had my gun reefed out of my pants by the time he got untangled. I was scared and I started cuttin' loose blind. . . ."

The old man was acutely conscious of his audience, but his voice was impersonal, recapitulant, while he drawled words, and the two men were attentive to his quiet tones. They were susceptible, Link knew.

"... I don't recall much happenin' after that except that when they picked him up he had four holes in him and you could 'a' covered them all with a derby hat. That's lucky shootin'. I never was considered a top hand with a gun. I was lucky that time."

He smiled to himself in the half light. That was the proper way to climax a thing, with a becoming touch of modesty. It was impressive. He hunched his shoulders higher in his coat.

"You'll have to forgive an old man bein' long winded," he said. "It's a bad fall. So long."

He left his audience silent in thickening darkness and slopped through the yellow brilliance with his feet splashing in pools, enjoying something within himself. His story would go the rounds, Link knew. A good tale always traveled.

The two men stood exactly still on the porch and watched the sheen of light on the yellow slicker until it had faded in darkness. They were superbly awed by age and the things they had never seen.

The tall man said, "Lucky?" questioning the word. Then he said, "These old boys were pretty tough in their day. I wonder how he'd stack up against, say, Thorpe?"

The thought of that absorbed him for a moment. The tough gents in the old days had been real, and fast. Thorpe now. . . .

The short man said, "Jackson Hole country. Hell, wasn't that where the bad ones hung out, Clem? I'll bet that old boy was a hellion in his day. . . . I'll buy a drink."

"Sure," Clem said.



Tom Thorpe

On Friday it was cold, but during the night it got warmer and the snow came. On Saturday it was still snowing, quietly, consistently, in an effortless fall of large flakes. Visibility was restricted and distance over the tops of roofs was a dull grey, perceptible with this silent activity. Lincoln Sanders dragged his feet in the street and noted the resultant corrugations in the snow at the tips of his boots. He walked slowly, seeking to accustom himself to the weight of a gun worn on the right hip, and unfamiliar now for some years. This was all a serious business.

Flakes clung wetly to the rough wool of his coat and lightly settled on his face. Now and again he turned to observe his fleeting footprints, black, turning to a dim grey, and becoming white again. It became some sort of simple analogy. You lived and did things momentarily noticeable, but they faded and were lost. The perception of that was satisfying and inspired by the thought that you might abruptly cease living. But death was not too tragic when you were old.

Buildings, snow screened, receded from his walking and he contemplated familiarity with new ideas. It had all become somehow important. This was Saturday and not fundamentally different from other Saturdays. Except maybe that it was snowing. But then it had snowed other years in October, so that made no difference. Yet it was all changed this morning. So changes were a purely relative matter. This Saturday was like other Saturdays and would be different only if some sympathetic bystanders toted him out of the Club Saloon with his toes pointing straight up and a few gun slugs in him. That was not a cheering thought. But events could easily climax with that and he would have done Lacy no good, or himself either. On the other hand, there was a possibility. . . .

A feeling of fatality had claimed



him. He opened the store with a sort of methodical deliberation, and went through assorted familiar motions, savoring them completely, actuated by the feeling that he might never be doing them again. He lighted a fire in the stove and derived a certain satisfaction from its quick roar and the radiation of its heat. It was a good stove. It had been here a long time. He shut the drafts and walked to the front door. He brushed the snow meticulously from the porch with an old broom and Doc Hansen's bulk materialized, hugely looming into distinct outlines through a riot of twisting, swirling whiteness. He spoke with no attempt at preliminaries.

"Link," Doc Hansen said, "you got your work cut out for you if you aim to prevent an assassination. Lacy's just got to town. He's all rigged out in war paint and he's wearing his artillery in plain sight. This is not just talk."

He gazed out in the street, a fat old man, thinking.

"I wish I could give Lacy an outside chance of takin' this Montgomery-Ward bad man, but I can't. Lacy's no hand with a gun and he's scared to death of Thorpe's reputation. He's got buck fever. It's plain suicide, but you can't change his mind."

"Where is he?" Link said.

"He's down at May's livery stable just now arrangin' for his horses to be took care of. What you aimin' to do, Link?"

"You wait," Lincoln Sanders said.

He put the broom down and went inside the store. When he came out he had no coat on and the gun strapped low on his hip swung in plain view. Doc Hansen stared at him in open-mouthed wonder.

"You aimin' to get yourself killed, Lincoln?"

"Doc," Link Sanders said, "I got a plan and I can't use Lacy in it. When he comes by you keep him here for at least ten minutes. You hear me?"

"You shouldn't do this," Doc Hansen said. "I'll keep Lacy if I have to hog tie him, but you could let me in on it, Lincoln. You're a special deputy, but takin' Thorpe's gun away with your authority ain't helpin' Lacy any. Hell, I could 'a' done that. You could tell me, Link."

"You wait," Lincoln Sanders said. He turned deliberately, walking away.

Doc Hansen said, "All right," resignedly. "This is your deal. I'll waylay Lacy."

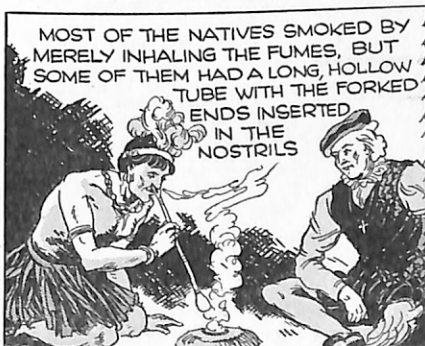
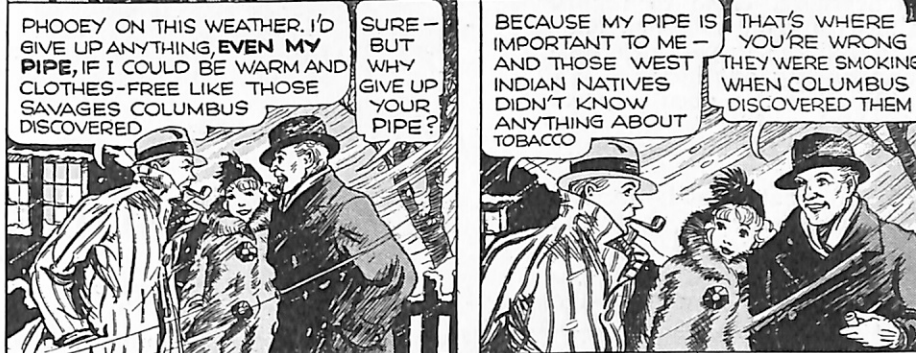
The old man walked slowly, thinking. This thing had to be handled with delicacy and care. It had to be managed so that the overtones of action and speech would register. It had to convey an idea indirectly, but distinctly. Innately he realized this. Every movement and every word must be effective. Very difficult, yes; but very necessary if he were to help Lacy.

He stopped at the door of the sa-

(Continued on page 47)

# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

## THE DISCOVERY OF TOBACCO



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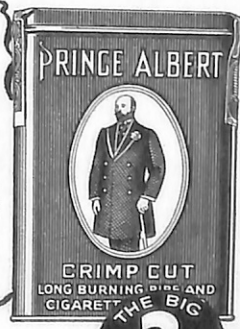


P. A. IS SWELL "MAKIN'S" TOO.

DON'T MISS THIS FAIR AND SQUARE OFFER!

PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

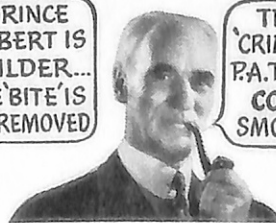
SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE. (SIGNED) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert



PRINCE ALBERT IS Milder... THE BITE IS REMOVED



TRUST 'CRIMP CUT' P.A. TO GIVE COOLER SMOKING

outward respect and perfect obedience which was mixed, in the beginning, with a tinge of a used, contemptuous tolerance. Among dogs, an adult does not bite a puppy, and men behave just as well on occasions. Before long, the men were touched by Kurt's earnestness, came to regard him with gruff affection. They imitated his grave voice, one man asking another:

"What is it a good corporal should have?"

"Respect for his chevrons!" was the answer.

"And what must he exact?"

"Respect for his chevrons!"

The friendship between Kurt and Peyral grew swiftly, and was somehow touching. It was based on manly esteem and mutual admiration. The corporal admired in Peyral the Legion of Yesterday, Peyral admired in Kurt the Legion of Tomorrow. Peyral took an almost fatherly pride in the young man's education, his intelligence, his handsome face, his strength. He taught him combat shooting, which differs from marksmanship on the rifle-range rather more widely than might be imagined.

The month of March passed. Already, there was the usual cloud of rumors concerning the coming Summer campaign, in which the Legionnaires from Dar-Mashrik, assigned once more to a battalion, would participate. Peyral assured Kurt that with any luck at all he would come out a sergeant in the Fall—possibly with an appointment to school to obtain a commission.

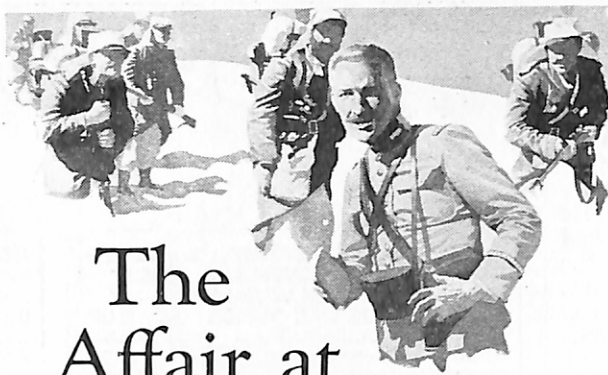
Morsbronn by that time knew he could hit two birds with one stone. By ruining Kurt's career, he could break Peyral's heart! If doing mean actions without a good motive is insanity, the sergeant was insane. And a reasonably large proportion of humanity is mad!

But Morsbronn was baffled for a time. It was hard to find any reason to crack down upon the corporal. Kurt was painfully neat, accomplished his tasks with extreme attention to detail, did not drink more than his allotment of red wine. He was honest, he was respectful. His chief distraction was the reading of the manual for non-commissioned officers.

Morsbronn sought to coax him into a quick retort, tried to make him shirk unpleasant tasks. But Kurt did not even realize that he was being mistreated. He would snap to attention, salute and answer, "Very well, Sergeant."

And Morsbronn did not want minor punishment for Kurt. He wanted him to lose his chevrons, to slide back. The problem was on his mind as he moved through his routine each day, calm and detached outwardly, a uniformed automaton.

"I'll have to use Otto on him," Morsbronn decided. And as the orderly was pressing his trousers that



## The Affair at Dar-Mashrik

(Continued from page 9)

evening, he remarked quietly: "Pretty cocky guy, that fellow Walders. Wonder if he is as strong as he looks!"

"Doesn't look so tough to me, Sergeant."

"He's big. Taller than you, for instance, though not so thick through the body. I hear he was with the athletic section in Algeria."

"He's slow up here," Otto tapped his skull. "Not dumb, you know, but dumb for a fight. I could lick him."

"So you say. Well, good night."

He knew that his doubt would irk Otto, hurt his pride. And a corporal who fought with a man and was beaten usually surrendered his chevrons and asked for transfer.

Two days later, Kurt entered the small office, asked to speak to Morsbronn. "Sergeant, I wish to ask that Legionnaire Hastroffer, Otto, be punished. He addressed me rudely in the presence of several privates, near the kitchen. When I pointed to my chevrons, he used dirty language, and a gesture—a gesture—"

Morsbronn smiled, "Let's say he suggested an improper use for your chevrons. And what do you wish me to do about the matter?"

"Well, punish him, Sergeant."

Morsbronn lifted his shoulders slightly, reached into a drawer, to bring out a sheet of yellow paper covered with poor printing. A regimental order.

"Listen to this," he invited, and read aloud, "It has been called to the colonel's attention that numerous punishments for minor infractions have been inflicted in the detachments. The colonel wishes it understood that sergeants to a certain degree, corporals in almost every case, can preserve their prestige better by handling a situation tactfully and in person than by reporting the culprit to an officer for punishment. Do you understand? Did Otto address you as a corporal or as an individual?"

"As an individual, Sergeant, I think. He did not pronounce the word 'corporal' and only made fun of my chevrons after I had pointed

them out to him—" Kurt replied with his usual honesty.

"You see?"

"What should I do?"

"Ask him for a public apology in a dignified way," Morsbronn smiled. "And if he refuses it, convince him that he should offer it."

"But how, Sergeant?"

"My friend, I have no further suggestions to make. You may go."

Kurt found Peyral, related the incident, and concluded naively, "I suppose the sergeant meant I had better give him a licking if he doesn't apologize. I'll talk to him tonight."

Peyral nodded. But as Kurt spoke, a great light broke into his mind. He knew that the misfortunes that had befallen all his comrades had not been due to mere chance. Otto had quarreled with his friends, Morsbronn had punished his friends. He had suspected this dimly for weeks, for months, without being sure. Kurt was now being lured into a fight from which he would emerge beaten, humiliated, degraded. It might break his spirit.

He collected a few friends in the barracks, led them aside, spoke at length. He reminded them of Sergeant Ferrand, of Corporal Schuler, of a half-dozen privates who had either been demoted or forced to seek escape in some manner.

"Some things are not done in the Legion," he concluded.

As a direct result of this conference, Otto was cornered behind the kitchen when he came for bread at five o'clock. He was not a very bright fellow, but he knew who among the Legionnaires meant what they said. And the three surrounding him—it had been agreed to leave Peyral out—were formidable chaps. There was Habermann, and there was Annual, each one with a reputation. But what frightened Otto was the presence of Garcia, a rather slender, swarthy private, supposedly a Peruvian and not altogether white. The orderly dreaded him instinctively, because his hard black eyes seemed to throw back glances as a brick wall repulses a rubber ball.

"Kurt's going to ask you for an apology, after soup, tonight—" Habermann explained—in excellent German so that there would be no misunderstanding.

"And he's going to get it," Annual added.

Garcia said nothing, but pulled his tunic open. Otto saw the glistening surface of a blade, a long blade, partially hidden by the undershirt, the handle pressed against a dark, hairy chest. Otto did not doubt that the knife would be dug into his back, at some convenient time, if he refused the apology. And it would be no use having Garcia arrested—when Legionnaires band together, the absence of one makes small difference.



"All right," Otto agreed.

The three separated to allow him to go. They had not spoken more than twenty words, but each word had its weight. And when Kurt stopped Otto, a few hours later, before the barracks, and asked for his apology, the orderly recited it quickly, and grasped the hand offered him with all his strength.

The following afternoon, Morsbronn summoned Kurt to his office again. "Have you attended to the matter we spoke about yesterday? An apology from—"

"Sure, Sergeant. Hastroffer was very nice about it."

"You mean that he—apologized?"

"Yes, Sergeant."

"All right. Glad there was no trouble. You may leave." A few minutes later, he was in his private quarters with Otto. "You have your choice. You go back to the ranks, lose this job, or you tell what happened." His voice trembled, and he had forgotten his ordinary caution, was admitting that his hints had been orders.

Caught between two fears, Otto ended by confessing what had happened. Morsbronn was not a coward and had a temper which may be forgiven a man with a liver the size and hardness of a paving block. He fortified himself with a couple of glasses of brandy, buckled on his pistol and strode across the yard and into Barracks. The men occupying the narrow room in which he entered had returned from drill a few minutes before, and sprawled on their blankets in the makeshift bunks knocked together from planking.

"Attention—" Kurt Walders called springing to his feet.

Morsbronn acknowledged his presence with a nod, stared at the occupants of the dormitory a moment in silence. Then he strode to Garcia's cot, tore up the cloth, groped in the straw mattress. He then looked in the pack propped on a plank above. Lastly, he ordered the private to open his tunic. Garcia obeyed.

"Where's your knife, Legionnaire?"

Garcia's thin face was expressionless, as he produced a clasp knife from his pocket, with a short, if sharp, blade. Morsbronn stormed through the room, knocking furniture over. The silent, motionless soldiers watching him increased his irritation. He shoved Arnual aside, and the Legionnaire, who knew his rights, quietly reached out and shoved him in turn.

"You dare to touch me?" the Sergeant was calm at once.

"You touched me first, Sergeant. I have witnesses."

"So what?"

"You have no right to strike me," Arnual retorted.

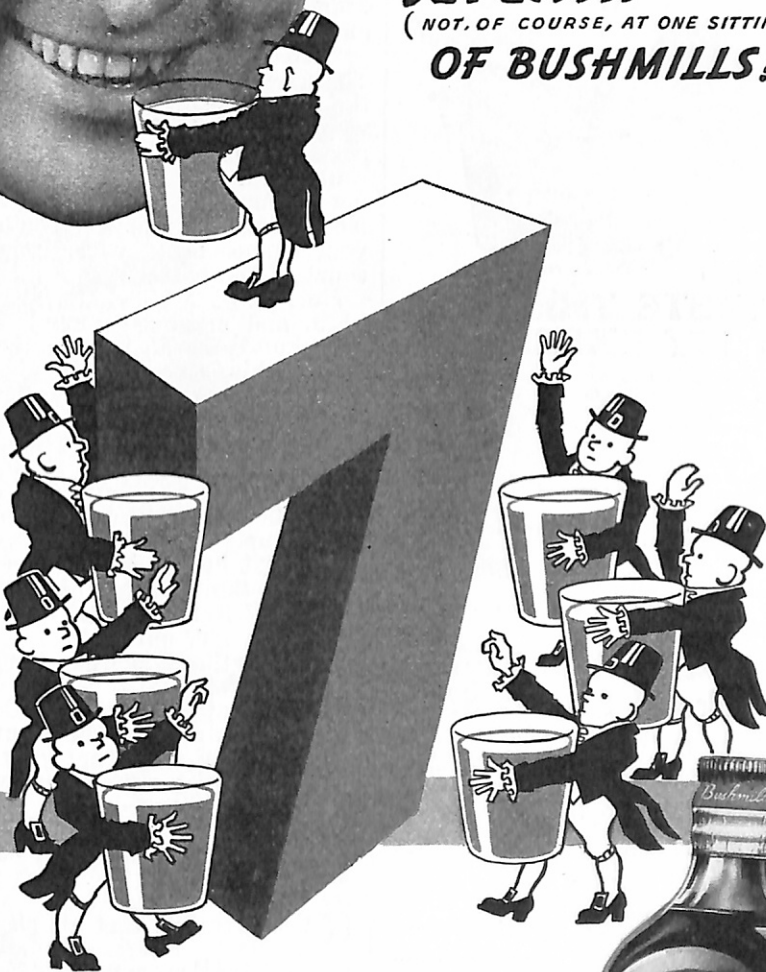
"I simply moved you to one side," Morsbronn said. And, without warning, his long, lean arm shot out, the hard fist caught Arnual between the eyes, and the Legionnaire dropped to his knees.



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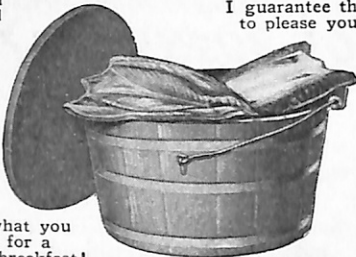
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As he started to rise, Morsbronn's hand grasped the pistol. And Kurt Walders stepped between the two, one hand pushing the private back, the other clasp the sergeant's wrist, wrenching the weapon loose. At this moment, Otto arrived with one of the other sergeants, Bursoli, a dour, grim Corsican. Morsbronn dodged back, stooped to recover his gun, turned to his colleague.

"Looks as if you arrived in time. You saw the end of it," he sheathed the automatic casually, smoothed the wrinkled front of his tunic. "Corporal Walders, you seem to be the leader of a secret society. They are not encouraged among us. Shut up! No explanations now. You'll have your chance before the disciplinary court of the battalion."

He lighted a cigarette, shook his head, and motioned Bursoli to follow him. He walked across the yard, giving his side of the incident. "Heard some one had threatened my orderly with a knife—did not want to make more fuss than the business deserved. But they're all together on this. Not the first time it happens—but the cliques must be broken up. Good thing you saw it—they can't believe both of us liars."

"I wouldn't have thought it of Walders," Bursoli said. "He's nothing but a kid, quiet—"

"That's the dangerous kind, Bursoli."

"Isn't that a fact!" The Corsican concluded, struck by the accuracy of this observation. "That group's due for patrol with you tomorrow. We better change schedules."

"No," Morsbronn declared, very thoughtfully. "That won't be necessary."

KURT realized that his plight was serious. Six Legionnaires had seen the incident and would back him, that was true, say that he had simply tried to avoid an accident. But the two sergeants and the orderly would give their own version. Bursoli had seen him grappling with Morsbronn, and could swear to that. And the officers would reason that a corporal's place should have been at the sergeant's side, facing the men, if he had had no motive of his own.

Peyral attempted to console him. The episode would be reduced to its true proportions, he could not be punished very severely—his excellent record would count. But even the old soldier did not dare claim that he would keep his chevrons. Kurt sobbed like a small boy at times.

After he had fallen asleep that night, Peyral, Habermann and several others met in a corner of the room, talked in whispers. The events of the afternoon, in themselves, were nothing. But on the accumulated rancor of several months, they tipped the scales. Morsbronn was crazy, they agreed, but not crazy in the medical sense. His word would be taken against theirs. He was a sergeant, with seven years of Legion behind him.

"It's justified," a man said at last.

"Justified or not, it must be done," another declared.

Word of their decision spread through the barracks. There was no dissenting voice. In seven months all of them had lost friends through suicide, desertions or prison. Very few of them had escaped injustice. It is probable that Kurt, worn out by emotion and snoring in a corner, was the only one who did not hear.

Morsbronn awoke the next morning with an uneasy sensation. Something was wrong. But the other sergeants, who came to breakfast in the mess room, did not report anything out of the ordinary. Morsbronn took Bursoli aside. "Listen, give me your word that you won't mention what happened yesterday. I've decided to drop the matter. Maybe I was too hasty."

"All right. I'll say nothing," Bursoli promised. His small, deep-set eyes fastened on Morsbronn's face. "Maybe I'd better take this patrol out, Sergeant? Until they know you won't make a fuss."

Keen, hot shame flowed through Morsbronn. Bursoli had guessed what was wrong, that he was frightened. Afraid—afraid of a dozen Legionnaires who were held rigidly by long habit even more than by regulations! And he knew that while Bursoli understood that he might be afraid, he would lose prestige in his eyes. It was a complicated feeling, in which personal pride was mixed with racial vanity.

"No, Bursoli. No change in plans."

Morsbronn had many failings, but he was not lazy. As commander, he might easily duck patrols, but he had never done so. This was to be the routine trip to a crest seven kilometers away, in sight of the next blockhouse, with which signals were exchanged. Starting at eight o'clock the party was back, as a rule, for a late lunch instead of the usual meal at ten o'clock.

UNTIL the ten men and Corporal Walders were lined in the yard, waiting for him. Morsbronn suffered from nerves, wiped his face, his hands, his wrists. But when he saw them, quiet and ready as usual, he laughed at his fears. And the sight of them acted as a challenge.

There was a delicate fragrance to living when a man walked before eleven others who desired to kill him. Morsbronn wondered whether it would not be worth dying, for those minutes of suspense and rapture. To dare, to be master. The six who had been in the room yesterday afternoon were in that group, and his glance clashed with the glance of each in turn. He smiled.

"Ready, Corporal?"

"Ready, Sergeant."

"Let's go—" Morsbronn looked at Otto, who took his place at the rear of the group, where he could observe everyone.

The trip out passed eventlessly.

When the patrol progressed on the ridges, the sight of the Blockhouse,



an oblong of greyish masonry against the green and buff of the slope, was comforting. In the shallows, marching through ravines and gullies, a sensation of remoteness brought a vague anguish. Tales of ambush and massacre drifted into mind, filtered steadily into consciousness, with their unchanging, gruesome details—the unexpected shots, comrades falling, the desperate running fight against odds, toward the shelter of the walls.

The neighboring post signaled "all clear." And the return trip was started. Morsbronn was at ease now, cool, impassive, smoking a cigarette. His carbine was slung from the right shoulder, the pistol-holster shoved forward within easy reach.

Kurt walked at his heels, followed by Habermann, who carried the automatic-rifle, ready for firing. The others strung out behind. The hills were very quiet. Nothing would occur, nothing could occur. Dar-Mash-rik was only two kilometers away!

They had crossed a narrow brook, climbed the bank and were going down hill again when Morsbronn, finishing a cigarette, had to reach for his case. The trail happened to be squeezed between two bushes at this point, and the sergeant stepped aside, for Kurt to pass him while he struck a match. This unimportant movement seemed to trip a trigger somewhere. If Morsbronn had kept on in a straight line, without pause, it is likely that those behind would have remained irresolute until too late.

But it was as if Fate had reached out, grasped Morsbronn by the neck and shoved him into plain sight, with his mocking smile and his challenging eyes to compel the plotters to action.

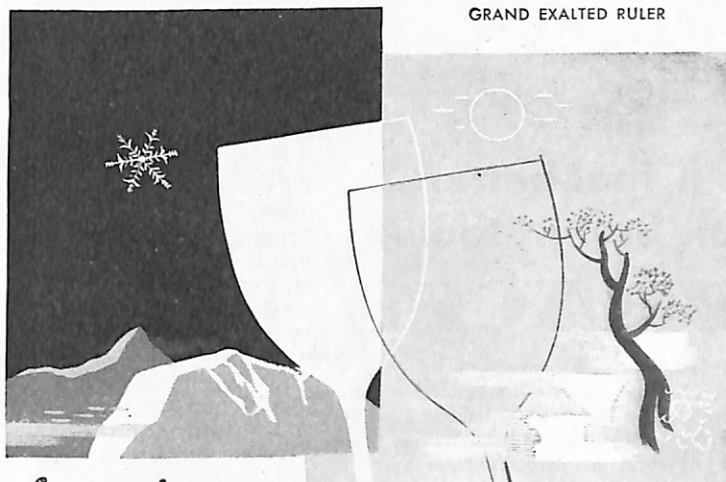
Kurt, startled by the detonations, spun about and saw the sergeant, his enemy, standing still, the képi knocked from his head, blood streaming down his brow, the half-opened metal case in his hands. In a reflex action, those hands snapped the thing shut, with an audible click. Then the knees yielded, the body collapsed, in a queer, easy fashion, as if Morsbronn were sinking into the moist soil.

It was over, and for three seconds, everyone was still. Then Otto ran forward. He was aghast, hurt, for he loved Morsbronn—a love none the less sincere for having sprung from selfish motives and belly-gratitude. In his puzzlement, in his rage, he blamed Kurt for what had happened. Perhaps he sensed that but for the young chap, the older men would not have acted.

The butt of his carbine flew back over his shoulder, swept out. And Kurt, with astounding speed and resistless strength, tore the weapon from his grasp with the left hand, and struck him on the temple with his right fist. Otto went down from that blow quicker than the sergeant had from the bullets.

Garcia's cackling laugh resounded,

# Honored

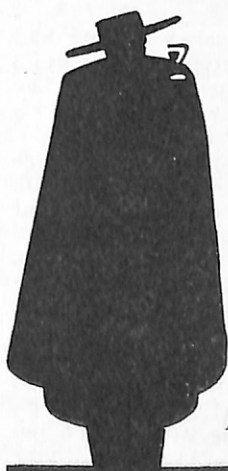


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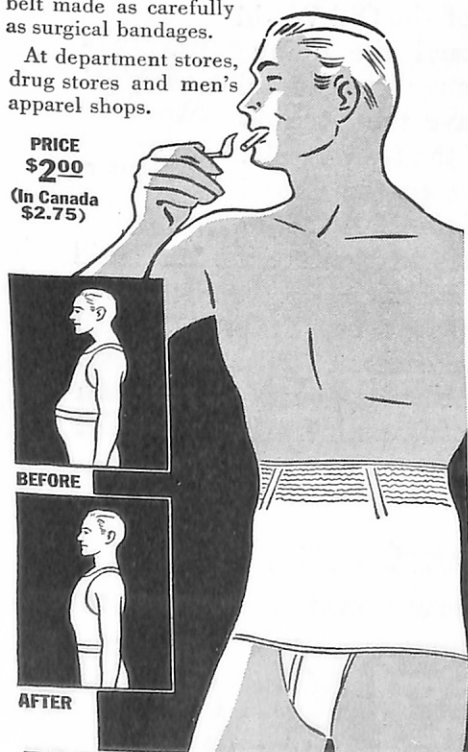
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the others joined hysterically. It had been to protect Kurt from Otto that this entire mess had been started! And for long seconds, the absurd scene lengthened, armed men laughing before a stupefied youth, who sputtered incoherent words.

"Swine—murderers—no chance, gave him no chance—"

Haberman shoved the heavy automatic under his arm, stepped forward. "Had to be done. Ask Peyral—he'd have wrecked the lot of us. Pull yourself together, and listen to your real friend."

Kurt nodded. He was looking down at Morsbronn. The sergeant had knelt, slithered sideways, his torso twisting. There was blood on his fine, high forehead, and there was blood staining the cloth beneath the belt buckle. Two shots. The heavy lidded eyes were closed. Dead, certainly.

"We're all in it," he heard Peyral explain, as if from a long distance. "Had to be done. He was out for the lot of us. I've seen it happen, once before. We were nine, and three were to shoot. We drew lots." He moved aside, to avoid Otto who was getting to his feet, who seemed to have lost all anger. "Don't worry, this slob won't talk. It's too late to do him any good."

Otto was doing what no one had thought of, straightening his chief's body. Kurt watched him, and the patter of Peyral's words were muffled, yet very clear in his ears.

"We were ambushed. There were a few shots. He was in the lead. He got hit. They can suspect what they want to—it won't be proof. And they won't insist. They know what this life is like. It had to be done—done—"

The sound of the old Legionnaire's voice continued, but they had grown senseless, those words of explanation and planning. Kurt's mind was reeling with horror, he was shaken beyond control by a very ordinary sight. Morsbronn's eyes had opened.

The eyes were open in that greenish face, and intelligence, pain, defiance were welling into them! Morsbronn was alive.

The Legionnaires, staring at Kurt, did not notice at once. They saw the corporal's contorted features, but believed his indignation to blame. And Otto, after arranging his chief's body, had sunk back on his haunches, and was nursing a swelling on the side of his face, looking at Kurt with a puzzled admiration in which there lingered no trace of hate or resentment.

"He's still alive," Kurt said at last, in a whisper.

All turned toward Morsbronn, they all saw his eyes. They were still, petrified with surprise. Then Garcia's sharp voice resounded.

"Nice mess—"

The sergeant moved, propped himself on an elbow. Otto, reacting to habit, assisted him, braced his back with his own body. Morsbronn cleared his throat, then his voice came, more startling because it was not faint, not weak, but his usual voice.

"Bunglers," he drew breath, winced, then laughed softly as he repeated, "bunglers!"

Otto's hand reached out for the carbine on the ground. He supported the sergeant with his knee, his hands moved again, there was the metallic clicking

of the breech-block.

"Otto, I order you not to fire," Morsbronn said, "no matter what happens. Keep out of it."

His brain was extraordinarily clear, he knew what had happened, foresaw what could happen. The bullet aimed at his head had pierced the képi, ridged his skull, tearing through the scalp, knocking him out. Another missile had hit him, somewhere in the body. He could feel pain when he took breath. And his legs did not react to his will. But he was alive, alive!

MORSBRONN understood these men standing before him, his men, Legionnaires. He had known all along that they could be driven so far, then would act. That was what had made it so much sport to goad them, all these months—they were dangerous. And at this moment, despite his pain, despite his probably fatal wound, he enjoyed himself, because of their plight. They had shot him down, but they had not killed him. And he had the power of speech—he could tell what had happened.

They knew that they must kill him, finish him off, to protect themselves. But which one of them, before his comrades, would have the savage nerve to step forward, bash in his skull or cut his throat, even to fire a coup de grace, as he lay wounded and helpless on the ground?

Wounded and helpless—that was why he had forbidden Otto to fight for him. They must know there was no danger in killing him, otherwise one might take a chance of death for himself, in compensation for his deed.

"Could I have a cigarette while you gentlemen deliberate?" the ser-





geant resumed. One of the men, a Russian, picked up the case, placed one of Morsbronn's own cigarettes between his lips, fumbled for a lighter in his pants pocket. Bluish smoke fused from the wounded man's nostrils lazily before he spoke again. "I believe I am bleeding to death internally, you know. That's a long process. Would you mind greatly—"

"What, Sergeant?" Peyral asked. "Getting it over with here, or taking me somewhere to be made a bit comfortable?"

Garcia came forward, his rifle reversed. But he could not bring himself to crash the iron-shod butt on the wounded man's skull. In the heat of combat, or even in cold blood if alone, the gesture would have been easy. The Legionnaires again froze, irresolute, ashamed, furious.

Then all looked at Peyral. He was the old soldier, the man who had seen this happen before. Without reason, they were furious that he suggested nothing, did not act. The veteran, his grey bristles plain on his lean, seamed cheeks, addressed Morsbronn.

"Will you swear to keep this quiet, Sergeant, if we take you in? Getting to a doctor's worth something."

"It will be my duty to report this," Morsbronn stated. He waited a moment then addressed Kurt, "Corporal!"

"Sergeant?"

"I turn command over to you."

Kurt Walders straightened, looked about him. He was a book corporal, he felt, and must be careful to meet the situation well. The aspect of things had changed in a fraction of a second, for he was commanding a detachment in the field.

"Two men will remove their tunics," he started to speak, in a loud voice, "rifles to be passed through the sleeves so as to form an improvised stretcher for the sergeant. You, Hastroffer—you, Stanikoff—"

When this was done, two men, also designated by name, lifted Morsbronn into the frame, in a sitting position, head resting against the chest of Otto, who held the rear end, knees hooked over the boles of the rifles, feet swinging free.

"Bon dieu," grumbled Stanikoff, "we can't carry him a couple of kilometers this way!"

"We'll work in relays," Kurt announced.

He had moved some distance ahead, had turned to survey the whole group at one time. He did not know himself whether he hoped that one of the others would find his nerve and kill Morsbronn. He was no longer thinking back or ahead, compelled himself to handle the present moment as best he could.

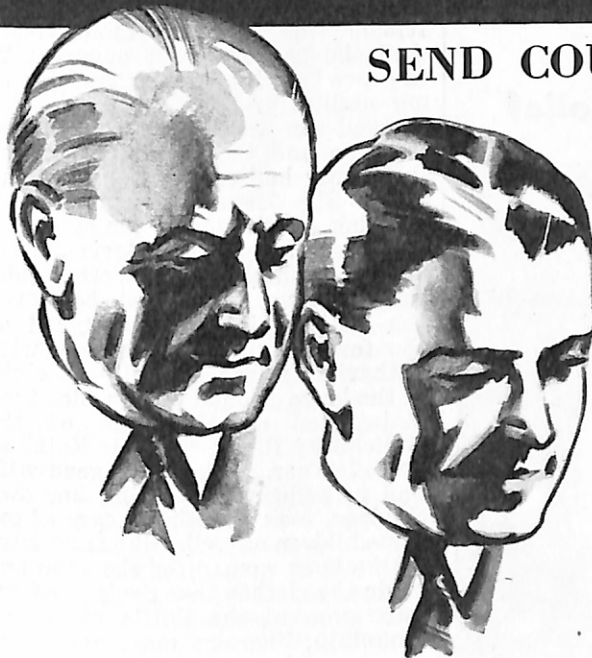
"Forward," he ordered.

The stretcher-bearers took a step, two—then Otto fell, there was undecipherable confusion, the tangle of the moaning sergeant, the tunics, the rifles, and the men carrying him. The orderly did not move again. He

(Continued on page 52)

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\*Based on actual letter in our files

## ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, sleeplessness

## The Giant Who Stepped Over the Mountains

(Continued from page 12)

female in all the mountains." And she had abundant opportunity to prove both her running and jumping ability. At the siege of Fort Caswell she was caught outside the stockade and the pursuing Indians apparently had cut her off from the Fort. She outran the nearest, and jumping for the top of the stockade, was caught by John Sevier, who, held by the heels from the other side, leaned down and pulled her over the stockade into the courtyard of the fort. Sevier and his new wife Catharine, raised a family of eight in the large colonial home which they maintained on the bank of the Nolichucky River. "Bonnie Kate" as he called her, made him a good wife and in addition to raising her own children, took a motherly care of ten step-children as well. She must have been a busy woman for she spun and made the clothes that Sevier and his sons wore at the Battle of King's Mountain. She also must have been of an equable temper for John was in the habit of bringing large groups of friends home for supper without advance notice. Once he captured thirty Indians and not knowing what to do with them brought them to the Nolichucky homestead. It is said that they liked their so-called prison so well that they refused to leave and eventually built themselves cabins in the neighborhood and settled down.

In considering Sevier's constant fights with the Indians of that territory, it must also be realized that there were many friendly tribes as well, some of which were of great assistance to him. His exceptional courage, woodcraft and ability to negotiate and use the help of friendly tribes was the only barrier that stood between the settlers and destruction.

The unfriendly Indians feared none but Sevier. He moved fast and struck hard. He followed the military policy later enunciated by Napoleon "a small body, moving with great force, is better than a large one that moves slowly." Sevier operated on that system until the Indians finally quit.

Towards the end of the Revolution Sevier formulated the operation of a rear guard movement against the British and surprised and defeated them on King's Mountain with the result that soon afterwards the British Army in the South, which was under the command of Cornwallis, gave it up as a bad job and surrendered to Washington at Yorktown. The Battle of King's Mountain was directed by Sevier and many of his sons and sons-in-law played a part in it. In fact, it was almost a Sevier family affair.

As an example of the devotion of the mountaineers at this time it is said that it was necessary to draft certain of the men to stay out of the battle as a means of protecting the women and children and their homes against marauding Indians.

Sevier was never to rest from these Indian forays. He never believed in their promises and he was one of the earliest exponents of the saying "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." He moved against them constantly, using extreme caution when not in contact with them, but reckless daring in their presence. He was the only Westerner of the time to use mounted men in his battles and thus get swift movement from place to place.

The Indians considered him as a destiny against which it was useless to struggle; and this belief did more to ensure Western civilization than a thousand rifles could have done. One of their great chiefs once said of him: "The wind and the fire itself fight for the great eagle of the pale-faces. We can no longer contend with him. Who can stand before him?"

And so this knight-errant of the frontier continued his protective warfare against British and Indian alike along the borders until the theatre of his greater opportunity was ready for his entrance. The lost State of Franklin was forming—the giant was ready to step over the mountains.

This territory, though nominally Indian land from the Alleghenies to the Mississippi, was considered under the jurisdiction of North Carolina at that time.

To properly comprehend the situation and the animosities which developed as a result of the founding of this new settlement it is necessary to understand what kind of people made up the citizenship of the new territory. They were of a higher type than the average North Carolinian. The Wataugas, as they called themselves, were nearly all Virginians and mostly freeborn American men and women. An indication of their type is gained by the fact that in twelve years of Sevier's leadership not a capital crime was committed in the territory. When the population had reached over 100,000 there were but seven lawyers in the entire State, one of whom was Andrew Jackson. At first the Wataugas sought annexation to North Carolina. North Carolina, fearful that the territory would cause a Federal tax burden, ceded it to the United States Government which had no use for it.

Finally, under the leadership of Sevier and his friends, it was decided



that since their State was an orphan it might as well be a complete one with a new name so they called it Franklin, after the great Benjamin, and elected Sevier as its first Governor. Then the trouble started.

After the formation of Franklin had become an assured success as a State, North Carolina insisted on having it back but the Franklinites rebelled. Carolina repealed its act of cession to the Federal Government and installed its own set of officers, sheriffs and other officials, which caused no end of conflict and confusion. Through it all, Sevier restrained his inclination to lead his followers into open rebellion.

One can readily imagine his predicament. Governor of an unrecognized state, patriotic and inclined to obey the law of the officially recognized powers, yet seeing his life work taken from him and no attention paid to his appeals for recognition of this new fourteenth state of the Union.

At this time he was tempted to treat with the Spaniards who were planning to close the Father of Waters against American commerce. As he himself said, "Here is a condition in which we find ourselves after building up the West—excluded from sending products by water, by both a foreign nation and the Indians as well."

Had Sevier been the land-grabber



that Jackson later accused him of being, he would have listened to Guardaqui, the Spanish Ambassador, who offered to make him the ruler of this Western territory, it being common news at the time that John Jay was negotiating for the sale of this territory to the Spanish Crown.

The Franklinites, having won the land from the Indians, felt that they alone should operate it, whereas North Carolina wished to cede it as payment for a huge debt to France. The Federal Government meantime disclaimed both interest in it as well as responsibility for it.

Things were prospering in Franklin. Roads were opening, immigration was increasing and Sevier realized the necessity of setting up immedi-

ately a strong local government such as he knew how to administer. Franklin again applied for Statehood.

Now that Carolina was unsuccessful in ceding this territory which she claimed, she undertook another form of strategy to precipitate an outright rebellion which Sevier was striving to prevent. The Carolina authorities made so much trouble that a real rebellion was actually in effect though not an armed one. Tipton, the main Carolinian representative, who hated Sevier, did his utmost to force an armed rebellion even going to the extreme of stealing Sevier's slaves and taking them to his own home, confident that Sevier would follow, which the old warrior and his troops did, and fast.

But Sevier's patriotism held him back. He ordered that no shot be fired and his troops finally retired without the slaves and without the conflict which Tipton was so anxious to start.

Nevertheless, Sevier was outlawed and the charge of high treason was brought against him by the Carolina government.

Luring Sevier into North Carolina on the pretext of discussing the claims of both parties, Tipton placed him under arrest and took him to Morganton for trial. Sevier's faithful wife and some of his troops followed. They stationed a horse near

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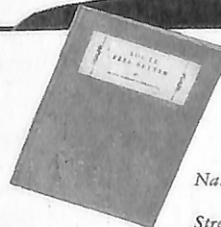
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a window of the courtroom, and while the trial was in session one of Sevier's friends started a riot with a preconceived signal by shouting "Haven't you done with that man yet?" In the confusion which followed, Sevier jumped through the window, leaped on the horse and was away like a flash, followed by the sympathetic cheers of the many friends who had taken means of preventing immediate pursuit by Tipton's deputies. In the crowd watching the escape with much interest was a tall, skinny man in homespun. His name was Andrew Jackson and he was to give Sevier no little trouble later on.

North Carolina soon realized that they had made a mistake in subjecting Sevier to the humiliation of arrest. The country was up in arms and a compromise was effected in which a new Governor was put into office, and Sevier was elected a Senator from the Franklin district. The Franklin project stopped with the end of Sevier's term in 1788, and the State ceased to have official status, from that time on. However, in 1790, Carolina again ceded it to the United States Government, with the agreement that its statehood should be recognized when its population reached a certain required number.

The national government named William Blount as territorial Governor and at the same time made Sevier a Brigadier-General in the United States Army. An indication of the love that the territory had for Sevier is shown by an incident that happened very early in the administration of Governor Blount. He alighted at an inn one evening and his man-servant who preceded him into the tavern announced in a loud voice that he wanted "the best room in the house for Governor Blount." The innkeeper addressing himself to Blount said, "You kin have the best room in the house if yer pay for it, but Governor you ain't. We got one, John Sevier, and it ain't healthy for you to run around usurpin' his office. We heered tell that the government put a ruffle-shirted feller over us but we don't care a damn for the U. S. We got a better governor and his name is John Sevier."

Following the appointment of Governor Blount, the seat of government was moved to Knoxville, which was the first step in the development and consolidation of the entire territory into the great State of Tennessee. Shortly thereafter the old Indian cry arose and Sevier again was on the trail with his frontier riflemen. This time to put down for the last time an Indian uprising in Tennessee. The campaign was so decisive that never again was this district menaced by a united Indian attack.

When Tennessee was granted statehood in 1796 General Sevier was named its first Governor. Three times he served and then with a brief interlude for three terms more.

In less than twenty-five years he and his comrades had built a great commonwealth of more than 100,000 people under tremendous difficulties, and through it all he retained the loyalty of these pioneers to the end of his days. Even after he ceased to be Governor the State Legislature would make no important decisions without his sanction. No matter what the question, for many years it was always, "What does our good old Governor say?"

After his retirement he lived in a large farmhouse just outside of Knoxville where he royally entertained his friends and where he was visited by men of the highest rank from both America and abroad.

In 1798 the shadow of Jackson appeared across his path. Sevier had appointed Jackson a judge but later on when Old Hickory wanted the Adjutant-Generalship of the State the Governor refused him, and a feud developed which lasted until the death of John Sevier.

Many years after when great names were being selected to represent their states in the Hall of Fame the two men chosen from Tennessee were Jackson and Sevier. The bust of Sevier sculptured by Belle Kiney and Leo Scholz significantly faces away from the statue of Jackson as though even now the mighty old warriors did not care to look upon each other.

And so we find the Warrior of the Wataugas nearing the end of the trail, although his state refusing to hear of his retirement made him Commissioner on Indian Affairs, of which he knew so much. And in the discharge of his later duties we find him dying as he had lived; in a tent in the South among the Indians that he had fought so often. But they were his friends now and they closed his eyes. He was on a mission to the Creek Indian tribes in Alabama when he was stricken in 1815 and he lay buried there until at long last he was removed to Knoxville in 1887 where his monument now stands.

A many-sided man was this savior and pioneer of Tennessee. "Tall, handsome, fluent and gallant", said one commentator. Jefferson, Franklin, Monroe and the other members of the Continental Congress enjoyed his letters and approved his plans.

Not a religious man, he established churches for the Baptist and Presbyterian faiths both at his settlement in Virginia and later in Tennessee. He also founded Watauga College, the first West of the Alleghenies. An example of his versatility is indicated by a letter he wrote to Doctor Rush of Philadelphia in 1800 at a time when the plague was raging there. Knowing that cool air was so essential in fighting the plague he suggested the use of a "water blast such as we use in furnaces and forges in Tennessee. Tubes can be put in the room and ice placed in running water



outside and the cooled moist air blown through the house." An air-conditioning plan preceding those of the present day by more than 130 years.

No man in American history had a more even popularity than John Sevier. Men like Jefferson and Jackson rose and fell in public esteem in accordance with the temper of the times. But there is no instance in history which indicates that Sevier was ever other than a beloved and idolized leader of his people for more than fifty years.

A final picture and we leave "the good old Governor." It is of a little church on a country road leading into Knoxville. The congregation is

assembled. A child runs in and in a loud whisper announces to his parents "Chuck Jack is a comin' down the pike!" Services are suspended for the moment as the worshippers go out to greet a tall, handsome, gray-haired figure who is striding down the road. He bows and speaks smilingly and familiarly to them all. A tiny boy runs up and touches him. "Why, Daddy," he cries to his parent, "Why, he is just a man!" Just a man—but what a man. In his seventieth year he made his last public speech in which he said "Governments should be the guardians of the poor, the widow and the fatherless." That was both the creed and the epitaph of "Nolichucky Jack."

## Show Down

(Continued from page 37)

loon, breathing a little fast, and the thrill of danger ran in him. His body vibrated inwardly, but his outward actions were calm, precise with a casual self-confidence. His spare frame became unconsciously erect as he opened the door and stepped inside.

There was small light in the room in the grey morning. The door swung inward and Link was solitary, profiled against dull light, drawing interest from all eyes. The moment held some feeling of drama and Link's movements were deliberate, preconceived. The closing door obliterated the distinct outlines of his figure against light, and someone moved at the bar, pivoting, to stand with a cultivated insolence with one foot propped on the brass rail and his elbows up behind him.

"Thorpe," Link Sanders said.

Tom Thorpe drawled, "So he came to you."

"No," Link said. "Nobody came to me. I'm just playin' my own hand."

"All right," Thorpe said. "Meaning what?"

Lincoln Sanders said patiently, "Meaning that you're bad, Thorpe, like me. The only difference bein' that I wear my hardware in plain sight and don't bellow about my toughness."

"So?"

"So," Lincoln Sanders said, "it has been my experience that if you have a reputation of sorts, sooner or later someone will turn up to see whether it's true or not. I'm tired of hearin' how bad you are. You talk a lot. Hell, I've seen 'em bad before, and it's sort of insultin' to the community havin' you rave and roar about yourself. I just elected myself as a committee of one for the purpose of callin' your hand."

Two men behind Link slid out of the line of fire, but that was the only movement in the crowd; and one minute was an eternity in suspended silence. Thorpe moved once,

slowly, delicately, pushing his hat back from his face with his left hand. His eyes never left the careless figure of the old man in front of him, but he was aware of the expectancy in the crowd. This was the moment of judgment. Perspiration beaded on his forehead and his pent-up breath, released, sighed gently in the still room. Link Sanders' voice picked up again, inexorable, cold and deliberate.

"It's your move, Thorpe," Link said.

That forced the issue and Thorpe's own hesitancy tipped the balance of judgment. The hostility of the crowd gathered on him in that moment and Lacy Wilson, Link knew, was forgotten. This would stop talk. Thorpe wet his lips and lowered his hands to his sides.

"All right," Thorpe said. "I've got no trouble with you and I've heard stories. In a poker game, Link, there's no use callin' a cinch hand. You win."

The tension went out of that room and sound came back with the movement of feet on a wooden floor. Link Sanders walked forward a calculated six paces and stopped before the man at the bar.

"Havin' been duly appointed a special officer of the peace," Link Sanders said, "I'm relievin' you of your hardware to insure the continued quiet and dignity of the town. You won't be needin' it any longer."

He reached out deliberately, flipped back Thorpe's coat, and extracted a gun from a shoulder holster. He turned, weighing it in his hand, and some activity at the door arrested him. Smoke swirled in cold air coming in and Doc Hansen's old face looked startled over Lacy Wilson's shoulder. Lacy walked half way to the bar through an acute silence before he stopped.

Doc Hansen started an explanation from one end of the room, "I tried to stop him, but he wouldn't . . ."

(Continued on Page 52)


## Did You Ever Take an Internal Bath?

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Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrillized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrill, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

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Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack

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of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

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perative that your system be free of these poisons, and in internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

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## Joseph T. Fanning

### Past Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 1)

at the session held in Baltimore, July, 1903.

The year of his administration marked many important achievements and much beneficial legislation for the Order.

At the session of the Grand Lodge in Boston in 1917, the Elks War Relief Commission was created. Mr. Fanning was appointed a member of the Commission and became its Secretary. With other members of the Commission, he gave a large part of his time and personal attention to this work.

When the Elks War Relief Commission had completed its work, it was given new duties and responsibilities at the Grand Lodge Convention in 1921, when it was re-named the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, with John K. Tener remaining as Chairman and Mr. Fanning as Secretary-Treasurer and Executive Director. At that Convention, held in Los Angeles, the Grand Lodge voted to erect a Memorial Headquarters Building and to establish a national official publication to be known as *The Elks Magazine*. The newly-named Commission was charged with the task of carrying out both of these enterprises.

When the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission made its final report to the Grand Lodge at Seattle in 1931, the National Memorial and Publication Commission was established and Mr. Fanning was appointed as a member of the new Commission. He was selected as Executive Director and Secretary-Treasurer of the Commission as well as Editor of *The Elks Magazine*.

*The Elks Magazine*, under Mr. Fanning's editorship, has become, in the fifteen years of its existence, the most outstanding fraternal publication in America. Not only is it of interest to every Elk, but its editorial contents are designed to in-

terest every member of his household.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning was personally known and esteemed by many thousands of the members from Coast to Coast. Perhaps no member of the Grand Lodge was more generally loved or wielded greater influence.

Beautiful and dignified services were held in the Lodge room of New York, No. 1, Lodge, on Sunday, December 27. The services were conducted by Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order.

The Past Grand Exalted Rulers in attendance were John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland, James R. Nicholson, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, J. Edgar Masters, Charles H. Grakelow, John F. Malley; Murray Hulbert and James T. Hallinan. In addition to these, many of the Grand Lodge officers, trustees and committeemen were present. The services were attended by prominent Elks from all over the United States in such numbers as to make it impossible to publish their names because of limitation of space. The attendance of so many Elks who hold no office in their respective Lodges was added evidence of the great esteem in which he was held by the rank and file of Elksdom.

High requiem mass was sung Monday morning, December 28, at St. Malachy's Church.

Mr. Fanning was buried in Gate of Heaven Cemetery, Mount Pleasant, N. Y. He is survived by his widow, Willamette Martin Fanning. To her and to his legion of friends throughout America, *The Elks Magazine* conveys the sincere sympathy of the entire Order, and deeply realizes the great loss which both the Order and *The Elks Magazine* itself have suffered by the passing of this great leader.

## Eulogy Delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell

**GRAND EXALTED RULER,**  
Friends and Brothers:

It is not an easy task for me to speak tonight concerning one who has been my close, intimate and personal friend for nearly a quarter of a century, and with whom for nearly nineteen years I served, first, upon the Elks War Relief Commis-

sion and later upon the Commission which founded and managed *The Elks Magazine* and also erected our great Memorial Building at Chicago.

It is not my purpose tonight to record in detail the landmarks of his long, busy and useful life, nor to tell of his great services to our beloved Fraternity, to which he gave



of his life, his ability, his energy and his time. In our great *Elks Magazine*, of which he was the Executive Director for more than fifteen years, will be told these details of his career; and there will be recorded his services as Grand Trustee, as Grand Exalted Ruler in 1903 and 1904, and his other activities in the Order.

Paraphrasing Biblical phrases, it can well be said of Joseph T. Fanning that "By his deeds shall ye know him"; and that indeed "A great man has this day fallen in Elksdom."

I prefer rather tonight to talk about Joseph T. Fanning, the man and friend whom I knew so intimately and well, and whom I loved so much. If any qualities of our friend stood out above the others, they were his steadfastness and his loyalty. He was always steadfast and loyal to every duty and to every obligation, whether to his friends, his family, his country, his Order or his God. As one of his closest friends said to me today, he never knew Joe Fanning to lose a friend once made. And nothing higher or better can be said of the character of any man. He loved the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and for 56 years, as a member of the Order and likewise as a member of the Grand Lodge, he lived for Elksdom, he exemplified its cardinal principles and his main desire in life was to advance and improve our Order and to bring to it from time to time ever greater prosperity. He lived for the principles and ideals of Elksdom and he was continually, by his acts and deeds, giving evidence of his friendship for those who were Brothers to him and for whom he was willing to render service.

Out in the State in which I live, and at its State University, there has been erected a memorial to the men of Illinois who died in the World War. Largely responsible for this great stadium was a great citizen of our State—George Huff—who for 41 years, until his death a few months ago, was the head of athletics at our University and who probably did more to inculcate ideals of right living and good conduct among the youth of Illinois than any man who ever lived in our State. Upon that memorial stadium is carved George Huff's code of athletics:

"To play manfully, courageously to the last, no matter what the odds—to play fairly within the spirit and the letter of the rules—to win without boasting and to lose without excuses."

I know of nothing that I could say that would better tell the story of Joe Fanning's life than that inscription, for in every activity of life he was manful and courageous; and he fought that way whatever the odds might be. He never hit

below the belt but he always played the game fairly, not only within the letter but also according to the spirit of the rules; and when victory was his he could achieve it without vainful boasting and when defeat came his way he never made excuse because the victory was not his.

These are only some of the great virtues of our departed friend and Brother. I wish that the lips would form and the tongue would speak the tributes that are surging through my mind tonight and which I would like to render unto him. The world is prone to forget the material successes of a man who has passed away. In a short time his place in business or professional life is taken by someone else. The world goes on without him and what he did is soon forgotten, however prominent he may have been. The real eulogy of Joseph T. Fanning is not being spoken here tonight, but from time to time it will be given as long as any two men who knew him in his lifetime live; and when men who knew him gather together, wherever it may be, in the Lodge room or in other places the real eulogy of Joe Fanning will be spoken by them in their remembrance of his kindly heart, his generous and courageous spirit, his life as a real Elk and his belief in the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. Fortunate is he whose friends will remember him in such a way long after he is gone.

For my part, I have a firm and abiding faith in the immortality of the soul. I do not believe that things end with the passing of the mortal spirit. Everything that is universal to all men is necessary to human life. So why may we not believe and have faith that death, which is likewise universal to all, is necessary to an eternal life? It has always seemed to me that life would not be what it is unless there was some sort of a golden chain that unites life to death and gives to us the promise of a reunion in the home beyond. If we did not believe this then parting with our friend would be even harder than it is, but we say farewell to him with the confidence that somewhere and somehow and some place in the life beyond there will be a reunion with him.

Like St. Paul said of himself, Joe Fanning has run his course, he has fought a good fight and he has kept the faith. That exactly describes the life of Joseph T. Fanning. His course is run, he has completed his life's work. While here he fought a good fight; he kept the faith in every duty that he owed to anyone, and above all, he kept the faith of the friends who trusted him. In paying tribute to him I use the words that the poet Byron said about another:

"A truer, nobler, trusting heart,  
More loving and more loyal  
Never beat within a human breast."

And so we close this inadequate

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...then he switched  
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A GURGLY pipe stuffed with wife-strangling tobacco can wreck a love-nest. So keep your briar clean and tidy, reader; fill it only with Sir Walter Raleigh's fragrant, sweet-smelling mixture. Sir Walter is Burley, all Burley, Kentucky Burley. A supreme combination of leaf, easier on your tongue and the other half's nose. Well-aged, slow-burning, cool. And quite a bit milder: we've blended it for the man who wants to save his throat (as well as his sweetheart). Try it.



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Director puts snap in your step, helps to relieve "shortness of breath," restores your vigor. You look and feel years younger the moment you start to wear a Director.

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eulogy of him. We shall never forget him. As long as we live we shall remember him and what he did while he was with us; and above all, those of us who were his friends will cherish his friendship as one

of the beautiful memories of our lives.

Again I say of Joseph T. Fanning: "A great man has this day fallen in Elkdom." Peace be to his ashes—God rest his immortal soul.



# What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 24)

to. The religious wars of the sixteenth century would have been much less cruel if the people on top had made life easier for the people at the bottom. You can sink yourself completely in this fine, detailed, carefully balanced biography, and yet be reminded in every chapter that blind conservatism and ambition are just as criminal as reckless radicalism and ruthless nationalism. The past helps interpret modern times. Party quarrels, court intrigues, siege and battle and defeat—these run through a book closely packed with action and character, in this study of a cold, calculating, adaptable, powerful woman who ruled in the days of the Renaissance. The Viking Press has made a handsome book of 629 pages out of it. (\$3.75).

WHAT becomes of the dispossessed, the homeless, after a great war? Sir Philip Gibbs, one of the most successful war correspondents of our day, ought to know. His new book, "Cities of Refuge," is a novel, but one that reads like history. In it the ruined Russians, artists and aristocrats, flee before the bolshevist fury and adapt themselves to the needs of life in Constantinople, Vienna, Berlin, Paris and New York. Michael Markov plays his violin in cheap cafes; Vera, his lovely friend, dances for leering strangers and finally marries the impresario of a Paris music hall. Titled women bend over sewing machines in Paris dressmaking shops; aristocratic generals become perfumers and entertainers. Sir Philip weaves in and out among scores of refugees—some successful, some broken, all homeless, waiting for the day when "the madness is over." This is a lovely, dramatic novel. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50.)

Then there are the homeless who move to that most hospitable of all great cities—Paris. In "The Street of the Fishing Cat," translated from the Hungarian of Jolan Foldes,

we follow the fortunes of the Barabas family, coming from Budapest to live in Paris. The father is a furrier; the mother becomes a laundress; Anna, aged 14, becomes a seamstress, and two youngsters go to school with the French children. And all around them are refugees—Russians, Lithuanians, Poles, Germans, Italians, uprooted and trying to make both ends meet. For fourteen years we follow their fortunes. Anna is the most interesting of the group as she tries to know her own heart. We see them compromise on low pay, observe how they lose their jobs when a new fear of foreigners runs through Paris, wonder whether Anna is going to marry the shiftless Russian or the methodical German. The drama is not so effective here; the story is less concerned with catastrophe and suffering; it's an easy-going tale about gentle people and it won an international prize. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50.)

NOW another question: What happens to a bright, intelligent girl in the midst of a revolution in which she does not sympathize? For most people there is no alternative: conform or take the consequences is the command. When the revolutions began in Russia Lola Kinell belonged to a Polish family located in Petrograd. She had visited the United States—even attended an American business college—and spoke Russian, Polish, German, French and English. She could operate a typewriter and took shorthand notes, although she had a hard time reading them at first. But she had spirit. Plenty of it! It is reflected in her lively narrative, "This is My Affair," which she writes under a Hollywood date-line. With her grandmother and her twin sister she passed herself off as German and reached Poland. There she became a secretary for an American mission that was helping destitute Jews with money contributed in the United States. Then she reached



Berlin and later, by advertising for a position, she was hired by Isadora Duncan as a secretary.

Isadora Duncan's dancing revolutionized the art, and her personality became the talk of two continents. Lola Kinel adds some remarkable anecdotes for she was with Isadora at the time when the dancer was married to Essenine, the young Russian poet who later committed suicide. Isadora Duncan did not know Russian and her husband spoke only Russian; this is where Miss Kinel's knowledge of languages came in. There were few subjects not touched on in her work as interpreter—even quarrels had to be interpreted, and Isadora never allowed Essenine to be alone, for fear of losing him. "My gods are beauty and love!" said the dancer. From there Lola Kinel's adventures go on to Chicago, to the American Southwest—a peck of exciting experiences for one little woman from Russia. (Little, Brown & Co., \$3.)

IT must be funny to teach Spanish in Ireland. Maybe that's why Walter Starkie, a professor of languages in Dublin University, kicks over the traces ever so often. Deep down in his heart the professor is a gypsy. Moreover he plays the fiddle. He has already written two engrossing books about tramping the roads with gypsies in Hungary, Roumania and Spain, and here's another—"Don Gypsy: Adventures with a Fiddle in Southern Spain and Barbary." The Civil War had not yet touched Seville, Cadiz, Granada, and lower Andalusia when he tramped its roads in 1935. And if you enjoy the vagabondage of a scholar who becomes a clown in a circus, who visits old inns, talks with all manner of men—coppersmiths, child-stealers, wine-merchants, mayors and muleteers; who knows the history of the old roads and enjoys following the trail of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in their own territory . . . well, Walter Starkie is an entertaining and informing leader. Not modern war but the land of the Moors and the Middle Ages exists in "Don Gypsy." (E. P. Dutton, \$3.50.)

LOTS of practical information in "The Dog Owner's Handbook," by Fredson T. Bowers, which discusses the care, feeding, training and breeding of dogs, with illustrations in 270 pages. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$2.75.) And if you enjoy dog stories open "Valiant Dogs" compiled by Frances E. Clarke, with twenty-six dog stories by writers including Galsworthy and Tarkington, including also Alexander Woollcott's tale of Verdun Belle and Senator Vest's famous eulogy. (Macmillan, \$2.50.)

"Sketching as a Hobby," by Arthur L. Guptill. Practical advice on pencil, crayon, charcoal, pen and ink, water color sketching. (Harper & Bros., \$2.50.)

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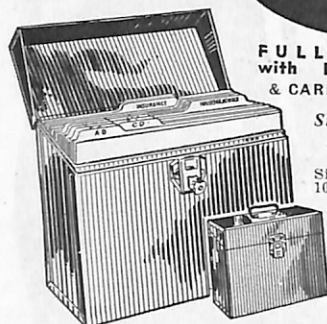
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I'll ship you this practical Personal File Chest, all charges prepaid, for 5 days' **FREE TRIAL**. If you can duplicate this bargain, send it back at my expense and forget the matter. If you agree that it's a wonderful value, keep it and send only \$2.95 in full payment.

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The hair restoring Formula 37 is now available to the general public for home use. Full particulars sent upon request.

**DERMAGENIC LABORATORY**  
728 Anglo Bank Building  
San Francisco, California

# Show Down

(Continued from page 47)

His voice died abruptly, cut short by Lacy's indignantly demanding words.

"Link," Lacy Wilson said, "what the hell?"

Link Sanders smiled once peacefully and said, "I been wantin' to do something like this for sixty-eight years. Give me that hog leg, son, before somebody gets hurt. You pups aren't old enough to be playin' with firearms and Thorpe just quit bein' a gun thrower. I never like to see a deck stacked against anyone, so I been reducin' things to a common denominator. Give me that gun, son."

He picked Lacy's gun expertly from its holster and dangled it in his hand. "There's a lot of floor space here," Link Sanders said, "and no town statute's against fist fightin' when it's sponsored by the proper authorities. Go take him, Lacy."

For just a moment he watched it, noting the posture and movement of figures in action, but it had all become impersonal and unimportant. The lift had gone out of things. Lacy had whipped him before and he'd whip him again. And that would be that. His own act was over. The nervous stimulant of conflict had gone and its departure left him what he really was. An old man. Tall and spare and tired. Without interest and without enthusiasm. The excitement was gone and what he wanted most now was peace, and quiet, and the welcome warmth of

his own stove.

He moved toward the door, satisfied but not elated. Someone slapped him on the back, "Like the old days, Link?"

He nodded absently and smiled at Doc Hansen's bewilderment in the saloon door. He walked outside. The snow pelted his face falling softly, and Doc Hansen trudged at his side, ponderous and puzzled.

"I've known you a long time, Lincoln," Doc Hansen said.

"Yeah."

Doc said, "It's news to me. I stood by that door and heard things I never dreamed of. You could have told me, Link. I been in this country since '65 and it's never been too tough, but you must have been a heller from the way people talk. When were you down in the Jackson Hole country, Lincoln?"

Link Sanders smiled briefly and kicked the snow from his feet as he entered the store. Doc was getting old all right. He wasn't acute any longer. He didn't see things.

The fire was still hot. Link Sanders hung up his hat and Doc Hansen subsided in his favorite chair, patiently curious.

"I want to know," Doc Hansen said.

"Doc," Link Sanders said, and his smiling wasn't visible, but it was in his voice when he spoke. "Doc," he said, "where the hell is the Jackson Hole country anyway?"

# The Affair at Dar-Mashrik

(Continued from page 43)

had been shot through the head. A ripping fusillade had broken out, four hundred meters up one slope, from a string of bushes.

Kurt, for the first time in his life, heard the searching, whispering chant of missiles, the pleading, persistent whistles of death. The Legionnaires had dropped to the ground, then as the bullets pattered about them, crackled in the bushes, they rose and ran forward.

"Come on, kid, let's go," Peyral urged.

"We've got a wounded man to think of," Kurt said. The thought elated him. He was a corporal, fighting for a wounded superior! It was like a story of the Legion. And as Peyral, older and more matter of fact, possibly relieved that the solution had been taken out of their

hands, sought to brush by, his pupil grasped him by the shoulder, spun him about. "Steady, there! Find cover and start shooting—"

Then Kurt took a deep breath, and his voice resounded in guttural French, "Automatic-rifle at my orders! To the cover of the bushes, open fire at will upon the enemy!" The young corporal stood in full sight, chin high, feet planted wide apart, solid as a bronze figure. Habermann and his purveyors had obeyed his order. "Two of you take the sergeant to cover, Stanikoff, Arnual! Garcia, strip Hastroffer of his cartridges, take his carbine—"

And when they were alined behind the bushes, flat on their stomachs, facing the enemy, then only, Corporal Walders, Kurt, detachment commander, slowly retired to cover.



He knelt behind the automatic-rifle, and it was as if paragraphs of the instruction-book appeared before his eyes. Never abandon your wounded, try to retrieve the corpses, when fighting against a primitive foe to whom bodies are trophies.

"Range three hundred and fifty," he heard his own voice shout. "Three hundred and fifty! Not so fast, Habermann, we've got all day—short bursts. Annual, not so high—they're in sight if you'll only look for them—"

Kurt reached for his képi, which had fallen from his head. It was torn. He smiled, for in the gesture, he had seen the green chevrons on his cuff, the green chevrons that would turn to gold for this work. Then he was not so sure. Morsbronn was alive, and would talk—if anyone survived. In that case—

"The old-time Legionnaire," he suddenly remembered what Peyral had said once, "Forgets the past and doesn't fret about the future."

Peyral was an old fool sometimes. Kurt thought, but that statement was good for this occasion.

The rest is not even history, just an episode in regimental records, banal in the extreme. Ambush, combat, rescue. It was of importance only because it was the first serious attack by the hostile tribes that Spring. A colonial skirmish, fought by a handful against sixty or seventy warriors, five hours of dogged fighting under the hot sun.

When reinforcements from neighboring outposts arrived, six men remained alive out of twelve. And four of those six were wounded—all save Corporal Walders (Kurt) and Legionnaire Oberbach, an inconspicuous little Bavarian who had survived worse affairs in more widely advertised conflicts.

Peyral was in the cot next to Morsbronn's, in the small infirmary of the Principal Post to which the wounded had been taken. In a few hours, the old Legionnaire would be bound for Meknes Hospital, by plane—nothing serious, a bullet hole through the right chest, perforation of the lung, an almost exact duplicate of a wound received long ago, at the Montagne de Paris, when the Legion had checked a German drive.

Morsbronn would remain here. He had been told that he would be sent later, when he had regained some vitality. But he knew the truth, sixteen to eighteen hours left. Peyral heard him laugh softly, from time to time.

Then a captain entered, slim, young . . . and perturbed. He sat by Morsbronn's cot, said that he would receive a citation. Then he cleared his voice repeatedly, and said,

"Too bad to bother you, Morsbronn, but I better get this straightened out before—as soon as possible. That kid corporal says he can't accept a citation, that it wouldn't be honest. He said to ask you about it. That something happened. His nerves are all shot, reaction probably."

Peyral waited in the long silence. Then Morsbronn spoke.

"He's young and takes things seriously. I had bawled him out the day before, threatened to have his chevrons taken from him. You know how it goes. I didn't mean it."

"And nothing happened on the patrol? I understood—"

"No, nothing unusual, nothing unexpected, *mon capitaine*." The sergeant's voice grew stronger. "Of course, I don't know much of what happened. I was the first man hit, and just had time to turn command over to him before passing out. He did a good job, I'm told. Tell him I said it was all right for him to take anything offered. He earned it."

"So there's no motivation for an investigation. Morsbronn?"

"None at all, Captain."

The officer spoke comforting words in low tones for some minutes, then left. And Peyral heard Morsbronn laughing again, low and soft, like a mad man. After a long while, he spoke.

"What's funny, Sergeant?"

"Eh? Oh, what's funny—" Morsbronn repeated. "Well, I was thinking of that kid—put a few disappointments and fifteen years on him, and what a hell-raising sergeant he'll be! That's why I wouldn't do a thing to stop him now. There's something else makes me laugh, too, something you'll understand, old fellow—life's full of funny things, I'm almost sorry to die!"

"What is it, Sergeant?"

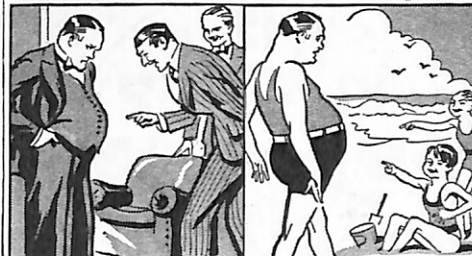
"Listen. You heard the captain promise me the Cross of Honor? It'll be posthumous—I'm not kidding myself. So what will they do with it? Ship it to my family in Germany, to please them. My old man was a sub-lieutenant in 1870, a brigadier in the last business. He hates the French. And they'll send him that French decoration, won by his son! He'll bury it in the garden, at night!"

He chuckled for a while longer. Then he lapsed into unconsciousness, and babbled in German for a long time. Peyral fell asleep, and awoke once during the night, when the orderlies took the body away. Those who had fired the shots, the man who had been shot, all were dead. That was comical, too.

The affair at Dar-Mashrik was over.

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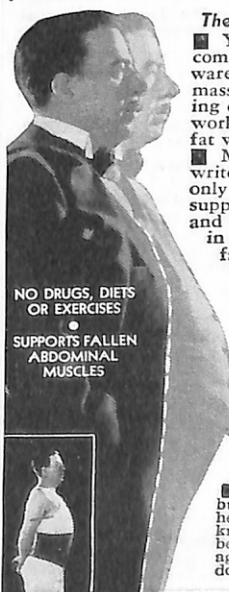
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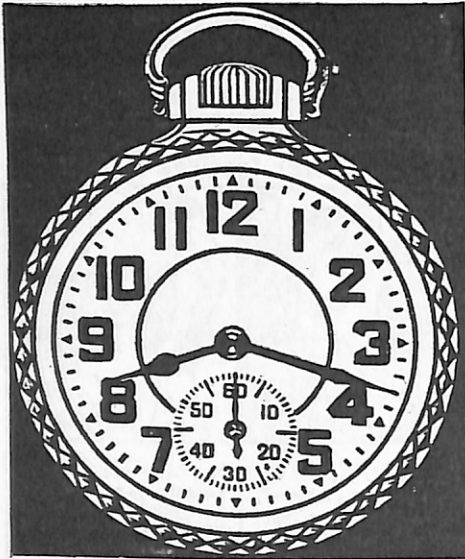
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# Rocky Mountain Holiday

(Continued from page 23)



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Tetons are a chain of lofty blue granite peaks rising out of Jackson Hole. The Hole, you may recall, was the last stand of cattle rustlers and western bad men and likewise the birthplace and stronghold of dude ranches. Much of it today is a game preserve established through the generosity of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and at its western fringe, surrounded by forest, is a chain of glacial lakes which rates among the best fishing waters of the Rockies.

When you reach Jackson Hole, your impulse will be to locate at one of the guest ranch headquarters and try your luck with rod and reel or ride the trails of Grand Teton.

"The Shining Mountains," as the Blackfeet used to call the Glacier National Park area, form the northernmost tip of the American Rockies. In fact, Nature, when she reared these magnificent peaks, gave not a snap of her finger to future political boundaries. The Shining Mountains continue over into Canada where they are known as Waterton Lakes National Park.

Glacier is the great trail riders' park. For many years, the only way you could see the interior of this delectable wilderness was to take a horse and ride the miles of trail that wind through forests, past lakes, across living glaciers and over wind swept mountain passes between the peaks. On a three- or four-day saddle trip you may cross the Continental Divide seven or eight times, going not merely from the Atlantic to the Pacific watersheds but also to that of the Arctic.

Glacier's peaks are among the friendliest mountains in the national park chain. Although its cliffs rise sheer and abrupt above the meadows and forests, giving an illusion of great height, Glacier isn't a lofty park. Its average elevation is lower even than that of Yellowstone. Today the inter-mountain highway from Going-to-the-Sun Chalet to Logan Pass and thence over to Lake MacDonald takes you on your tires into the heart of Glacier National Park. Even so, every visitor who can manage it should stop over at Sun Chalet, Many Glaciers Hotel or one of the other resorts and make a trail trip into the interior.

Exploring Glacier's shining peaks, its innumerable lakes, its alpine meadows and fragrant forests, over trails that wind past countless waterfalls and cascades, can easily stretch into an all-summer holiday. The lakes and streams of the park are famous for their fishing. The bear, moose, elk, deer and other animals are always friendly, and not to be overlooked is the encampment of Blackfeet Indians, without a doubt the most picturesque and natural of

the remnants of native American tribes.

On the Utah parks tour, conducted by the Union Pacific, Zion Canyon is usually the first of these spectacular natural wonders to be visited. This is as it should be. Zion is a feast of color, a rainbow done in rock. The canyon lies in southern Utah, hewn into the Pink and Vermilion cliffs, where the Prismatic Plains were broken by the Hurricane Fault, the largest visible crack in the face of the earth, formed by some ancient cataclysm. This colorful region was reared up in the early ages out of a forgotten sea.

Zion Canyon is a narrow, placid valley whose walls rise in sheer cliffs two to three thousand feet above the woods, meadows and streams that wind down the valley. The walls are a gorgeous blend of pink, red, white and cream colored hues, crisscrossed with lines showing the ravages of time. It is probably the world's outstanding example of how time and winds and sand can combine to sculpture colossal monuments of stone. The best place to observe this phenomenon is from the galleries of the tunnel through which the highway passes as you leave Zion Canyon headed for the north rim of the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Your approach to the Grand Canyon is through the Kiabab Forest, which you may be surprised to learn is the largest unbroken stand of virgin timber in the country today. The forest is halted abruptly by the sheer drop of the north rim. Here the plateau drops off from an elevation of 8,250 feet to the muddy Colorado River more than a mile below. Down in the canyon is Phantom Ranch, where at the end of the trail you find a snug lodge operated by the Fred Harvey system in a climate that is distinctly tropical in contrast to the coolness of the North Rim Lodge or El Tovar on the south rim.

Grand Canyon itself is a series of colossal temples carved through the ages by the turbulent Colorado. It is the world's outstanding example of what a raging torrent can do in the field of erosion. Grand Canyon is the world's "chasm supreme" and it holds you spellbound by its magnificent size, its ever changing lights and shadows and its roaring silence.

If you happen to be an explorer by instinct, follow along the north rim to any of the several side canyons where beneath overhanging rocks you may find remnants of ancient Indian cliff dwellings. Or make the side trip to Havasu Canyon, where lives the Indian tribe least touched by civilization. Or cross over Lee's Ferry Bridge to the south rim, a trip that takes you across the Painted Desert via the



Petrified Forest, with a glimpse at the pueblos of the Hopis and the encampments of the wandering Navajos, the gypsies among American Indian tribes.

Returning to fascinating Salt Lake City, mecca of the Mormons, you come to Bryce Canyon most unexpectedly. You are driving through a pine forest when the earth suddenly comes to an end and you find yourself gazing speechless down into a vast amphitheater of highly colored, delicately carved spires and minarets suggestive of the castles of a magic city. Bryce Canyon is the number one example of another kind of erosion, that of rain. Through the ages the raindrops have slowly trickled down the rocks, washing away a grain of sand at a time, until at length there remains these fantastic formations. At times when the sun's rays hit Bryce Canyon on a slant, it seems as though you were gazing down upon a metropolis in which glowed tens of thousands of windows.

Now what does it cost to take this Rocky Mountain holiday? Not as much as you might expect. All of the hotels, lodges and camps are under government supervision. The aim of the National Park Service is that there be a type of service to fit every purse. The set-up in Rocky Mountain National Park, for example, is fairly typical of the others. There you can stay at a grand hotel, you can pitch your own sleeping bag in a camp ground or you may split the difference and go to a rustic camp or lodge. Rates at the hotels range from five to seven dollars including meals. The camps are three to four dollars with meals. Tents and cabins without meals may be had for a dollar a night. Meals are available at cafeterias at prices comparable to those in cities. Saddle animals and parties with guides cost around \$3.50 per day. The national park service publishes booklets giving detailed information about each park and stating authorized rates for services.

Although the national parks contain the outstanding wonders of the Rocky Mountain area, they do not by any means include all of them. The Rocky Mountain region is an area as large as the Mississippi Valley. Four fifths of it is high and rugged and too close to timberline for habitation and is still a vast wilderness. Almost half of it is still public domain, largely in national forests. This far-flung stretch of wilderness is crisscrossed with good highways, not as many of them as are found in more settled sections of the country, but enough to make forests and streams, the lakes and most of the alpine highlands easily accessible. It would be hard to find a more exhilarating adventure than to roam in this vast domain, part of the time on tires but seeing some of it from horseback, as old Jim Bridger did when he first showed what a man could do with a Rocky Mountain holiday.



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# Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 29)

be guests in the Tournament City. Special plans are being completed for the entertainment of the visiting Elk bowlers.

The Kalamazoo Elks Tournament Committee will start the event on Saturday, March 27, with a huge street parade in which State and City officials will participate. Many other Michigan Elk Lodges will take part. The Tournament will continue until the latter part of April with entries to close on March 1.

Tournament games will be bowled at the Kalamazoo Recreation Hall, equipped with 14 alleys and located within a short walking distance of all hotels and the Kalamazoo Lodge Home, headquarters of the visitors.

Kalamazoo is located midway between Chicago and Detroit, and is served by the Michigan Central, Pennsylvania and Grand Trunk railroads, by several U. S. Highways and the American Airways. Many reservations have already been made by the various Elk Lodges, among them being Hamilton, Ohio, and Grand Rapids, Mich., each with 20 five-man teams; Louisville, Ky., and Toledo, Ohio, with 18 teams each, and Detroit, Mich., Milwaukee, Wis., Fremont, Ohio, and Lansing, Mich., each contributing ten teams. Many other Michigan Lodges have promised to enter with large delegations.

The champions again will receive Diamond Medals emblematic of the Elks National bowling supremacy in each of the various events. The prize list is to be divided into two classes, the Regular and the Goodfellowship. In the Regular Class the prizes are awarded on the merit of the score, while in the Goodfellowship Class all scores not qualifying in the Regular Class are made available for the drawing of Goodfellowship Prizes.

A beautiful bowling trophy will also be awarded the Elk Lodge whose members constitute the winning team in the Five-man Event. Since the inception of this award Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge, No. 18, received the trophies for the years 1934 and 1935, while in the years 1933 and 1936, Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, was honored.

The present champions who will defend their titles in the coming Tournament are:

Five-man Event—Cook's Goldblums, Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13.

Two-man Event—Billy Sixty, Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, and Hank Marino.

Individual Event—W. Howarth, Beaver Falls, Pa., Lodge, No. 348.

All-Events—Hank Marino.

Newly elected officers of the Association are as follows: Pres., Dave Wells, Louisville, Ky.; 1st Vice-

Pres., S. A. Hanson, Oak Park, Ill.; 2nd Vice-Pres., Phil Birkenhauer, Toledo, O.; 3rd Vice-Pres., Robert E. Rice, Cincinnati, O.; 4th Vice-Pres., Joseph F. Krizek, Cicero, Ill.; 5th Vice-Pres., Chas. K. Summersby, St. Louis, Mo.; 6th Vice-Pres. E. W. Linsz, Cleveland, O.; Secy-Treas., John J. Gray, Milwaukee, Wis.

For any further information pertaining to the Elks Tournament kindly communicate with Secy. John J. Gray, 1616 South Sixteenth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

## Grand Lodge Activities Committee Compliments Associate Members

Caspian Hale, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, in conjunction with Thomas J. Brady, Arthur G. Barrett, Guy T. Tou Velle and Wade H. Kepner, the other members of the Committee, wish to acknowledge their obligation and gratitude to the Associate Members of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee for the splendid co-operation they have given. These Associate Members who have so diligently carried out the Committee's program in their respective jurisdictions, with no expense to the Grand Lodge, are as follows: Lee Allen, Pullman, Wash.; George A. Baker, Decorah, Iowa; Bert B. Barefoot, Chickasha, Okla.; Charles C. Bradley, Portland, Ore.; Joseph Bush, Athens, Ga.; Bernard F. Dickmann, St. Louis, Mo.; James A. Diskin, Newport, Ky.; Scott E. Drum, Hazleton, Pa.; George D. Hastings, Glendale, Calif.; Hugh W. Hicks, Jackson, Tenn.; Patrick J. Hinchey, Berlin, N. H.; Albert W. Jeffreys, Heroin, Ill.; John J. Kennedy, Biloxi, Miss.; Albert Kleps, Jr., Batavia, N. Y.; Telfer C. Lord, York, Neb.; George W. Loudermilk, Dallas, Tex.; Russell V. Mack, Hoquiam, Wash.; A. J. Manheim, Shreveport, La.; Charles J. Schmidt, Tiffin, Ohio; F. A. Schroeder, Wausau, Wis.; Edward W. Sheehan, West Concord, Mass.; Stanley J. Shook, Topeka, Kans.; George M. Smith, San Jose, Calif.; Earle L. Thompson, Galesburg, Ill.; Irvine J. Unger, Detroit, Mich., and the late James H. Moran, New Rochelle, N. Y.

## News from Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge

D.D. Albert G. Heins conducted the initiation ceremonies when a class of 30 candidates was received into his own Lodge, Knoxville, Tenn., No. 160, on Dec. 14. The attendance was the largest in 10 years. The new members are nearly all young men.

The Lodge is contemplating the erection of a fine Home on the building site which it owns at Gay Street and Hill Avenue. The campaign to enroll young men as members will be continued during the entire year.

## Mahanoy City, Pa., Lodge Receives New Members

Mahanoy City, Pa., No. 695, had the pleasure recently of initiating into the Order five candidates and welcoming 18 reinstatements, in the presence of D.D. Max L. Silverman, of Scranton Lodge, Past District Deputies, State officials and visiting delegations. Mahanoy City Lodge's crack Drill Team conducted the ceremony in a highly creditable manner.

## Benefit Minstrels Presented by Columbia, Tenn., Lodge

The Elks Annual Benefit Minstrels presented by Columbia, Tenn., Lodge, No. 686, played to a capacity audience in the Princess Theatre. The company was one of the largest ever assembled by the Lodge, and the performance was a great success.

## Funeral Services for P.D.D. Bradley Held by Bucyrus, O., Lodge

Elk services, attended by past and present officers and many members, were held by Bucyrus, O., Lodge, No. 156, at the funeral of P.E.R. O. L. Bradley, who passed away on December 9. P.E.R. R. E. Prettyman, Chaplain of Marion Lodge, delivered the eulogy. Mr. Bradley was District Deputy for Ohio, N. Cent., about 20 years ago. He retained an active interest in Lodge work throughout the entire period of his membership.

## Illinois Southern District Holds Clinic in Benton

Reports on the Quarterly Clinic of the Southern District of Illinois in Benton on November 10 disclose the fact that it was the largest clinic ever held in charge of the Ill. State Elks Assn. Crippled Children's Commission. Thirty-seven new cases were presented, and 30 old ones, one of which was discharged as completely cured. Fourteen were recommended for hospitalization. Cases from seven of the 10 Lodges in the District were presented. A large number of Benton physicians attended.

## Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge Takes on Old-Time Activity

Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge, No. 889, reports that its activities are going along in such a way that a state of satisfaction exists throughout its membership. The Lapsation Committee found in its work that many of those who had dropped out were in a position to renew membership and were anxious to do so. A class of 12 candidates was slated for initiation by the close of the year 1936. The Lodge served its annual dinner to the children of Dowagiac and Cassopolis at the Central High School.



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